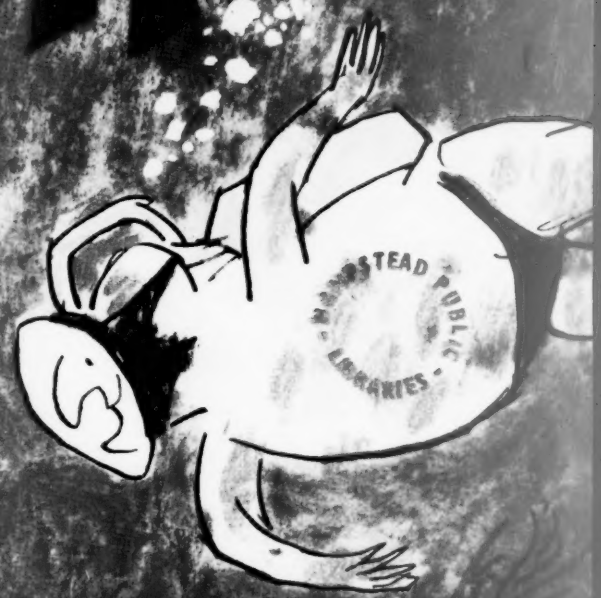


# Punch



Q/R

# Shell guide to LIFE IN THE SKY



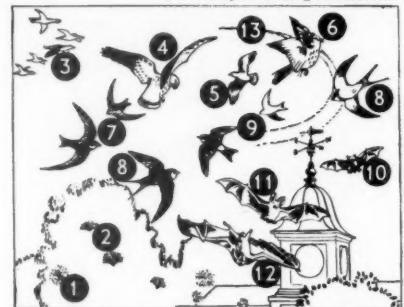
Painted by John Leigh Pemberton

Even the air is a zone of life. Feathery seeds—of DANDELION (1), for instance, or ROSEBAY WILLOWHERB (2)—rise and are distributed on air currents. Birds make different use of the air. It is a zone of passage, as for GREY LAG GEES (3).

For birds of prey—such as the aptly named WINDHOVER, STANDGALE or KESTREL (4), or the slow, soaring, volplaning BUZZARD (5), the air is also a medium for surveying the terrestrial world of their prey. The SKYLARK (6) takes singing to air as a bird adapted to treeless plains and fields. SWIFT (7), SWALLOW (8) and HOUSE MARTIN (9)—each is a virtuoso of flight, catching on the wing those insects which are also denizens of air. Insects also feed the bats, which are the only true-flying mammals (hence their old country name of 'flittermouse'). Here you see the very small, very common, quick-flying PIPISTRELLE (10), the common, gliding LONG-EARED BAT (11), which hovers to pick its insect food off leaves, and the less common, fluttering GREATER HORSESHOE BAT (12), most frequent in caves in the south-west. Another mammal, *Homo sapiens*, contrives his flight high in the air, his machines inscribing vapour trails (13) above cloud-level.

*Memorandum:* bats do not catch in your hair.

NOTE: All the items shown in this picture would not, of course, be found in one place at one time.



The "Shell Guide to Trees" is now published in book form by Phoenix House Ltd. at 7s. 6d. The Shell Guides to "Flowers of the Countryside", "Birds and Beasts", and "Fossils, Insects and Reptiles" are also available at 7s. 6d. each. On sale at bookshops and bookstalls. In U.S.A. from Transatlantic Art Inc., Hollywood by the sea, Florida, \$2.00.

You can be sure of



The Key to the Countryside

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# PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6158 AUGUST 27 1958

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HEALTHY rivalry between the different regions of British Railways can do nothing but good; but there are those who feel that London Transport are being a little brash when, the very day after Eastern Region reports that it has lost a ton of silver out of a locked van, they announce that they are ordering a lot of silver trains for the Piccadilly Line.

## CHARIVARIA

MARSHAL VOROSHILOV's recent observation that he longed for the day "when young Ukrainians will be able freely to marry young Americans" has been received with considerable approval by young male Britons.

AN old wheel creaked full circle the other day with the announcement that Exeter Cathedral would combat souvenir-hunters by having its Bibles chained.

WHEN the thirteen-year-old son of an Iraqi Embassy official was questioned by the police in connection with a raid on a sports pavilion, the official came back smartly with a claim that his son was protected by diplomatic immunity. It



appears he was under the impression that this was the result of the free "dip. imm." inoculations available under the National Health scheme.

THE LONDON bus-drivers' decision to postpone their "go-slow" in protest

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against the cuts in services is a timely reminder that they originally decided to have a go-slow because the Union thought "the severity of the cuts was a breach of the [London Transport] Executive's obligations to maintain adequate services for the public."

WANTING to produce a play requiring a terrace of hundred-year-old houses, B.B.C. Television has appealed for help



from viewers living in one, and particularly asked that the houses should have "no modern contrivances about them." For example, no TV aerials.

"FLIES FROM FAREHAM TO GREET NAUTILUS."  
*Portsmouth Evening News*

With an X certificate, we hope.

NOTHING ever seems quite bright enough for the papers these days. You get a perfectly good story about three prisoners sawing their way out of Wormwood Scrubs with a table-knife, and the *Daily Mail* has to headline it "Scrubs Men Knife Their Way Free."

## Union is Strength

THE Arabs' plan for mutual relations Brings unison to the United Nations. It marks, they feel, a useful step toward an Assured look-out for Lebanon and Jordan— Though what the prospects are we cannot tell For the un-Arab state of Israel.

K

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For Subscription Rates see page 292





## Punch Diary

**A**NXIOUS to know more about Iceland, in case we should find ourselves at war with its 150,000 inhabitants, I asked three cultured acquaintances, chosen at random, for their impressions. One said it was the place where almost everywhere began with a double consonant, the second of which tended to be a "J" and the first to look like a Greek Phi with the left side cut off. Another claimed that he could, like Dr. Johnson, repeat the whole of Chapter LXXII of Horrebow's *Natural History of Iceland* "the whole of which was exactly thus: 'Chap. LXXII. Concerning Snakes. There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island.'" A third said that he knew nothing about snakes, but there was no question that about a third of the world population of Pinkfeet geese made their home there. My encyclopædia maintains that "The most notable events in the history of Iceland . . . are a long series of afflictions and calamities, caused by volcanic outbursts, severe seasons, epidemics and in some cases by misgovernment." It seems a pity to add to the troubles of so varied and interesting a country. But if it is all right for her to extend her territorial limits to twelve miles by simple proclamation, could we not, by a similar unilateral claim, extend ours to about eight hundred miles north-west of the Shetlands? There would then be room for some sort of compromise.

### Masks and Faces

**W**HEN Groucho Marx arrived at London Airport a short while ago, William Hickey of the *Daily Express* complained "This was not the Groucho

I was hoping for . . . This was not the Groucho of those wonderful Marx Brothers films . . . The hunter's stalk of a walk was missing . . ."

I know how Hickey felt, of course. I remember how bitterly disappointed I was myself, meeting Frank Lloyd Wright at an airport, to find that he wasn't designing even a tiny bungalow as he emerged from the plane. It was the same with the Hallé Orchestra: they shuffled across the tarmac for all the world like a lot of passengers, without playing so much as a scherzo. But perhaps the greatest let-down of all was Gipsy Rose Lee, who had the brazen effrontery to arrive with clothes on.

What Hickey and I want to know, of course, is why can't everybody be like Danny Kaye?

### Travelling to Rule

**S**HOULD the busmen resort, now or later, to the "Working to Rule" campaign proposed last week, Londoners who have had about enough of being inconvenienced by a publicly-owned concern will have to look to their own legal rights. There is no reason, I suppose, why they should not all demand tickets as soon as they get on a bus, or why they should not continually troop up and down from one deck to another in search of the conductor. On the other hand, are they legally compelled to pay in advance? Could one not



"When you've quite finished with your imitations."

decline to pay until the journey has been completed? Has one, for that matter, a right to insist that the Conditions and By-laws under which the ticket is issued be read out and signed by both parties before the contract is completed? It cannot be an offence, surely, to ring the bell before every Request Stop and then decide not to get out? No doubt, too, the five fattest passengers would be willing to stand during rush hours. All this would certainly cause additional delay and hasten the decline of the bus service. But at least public and busmen would be working hand-in-hand again.

### Land of the Free

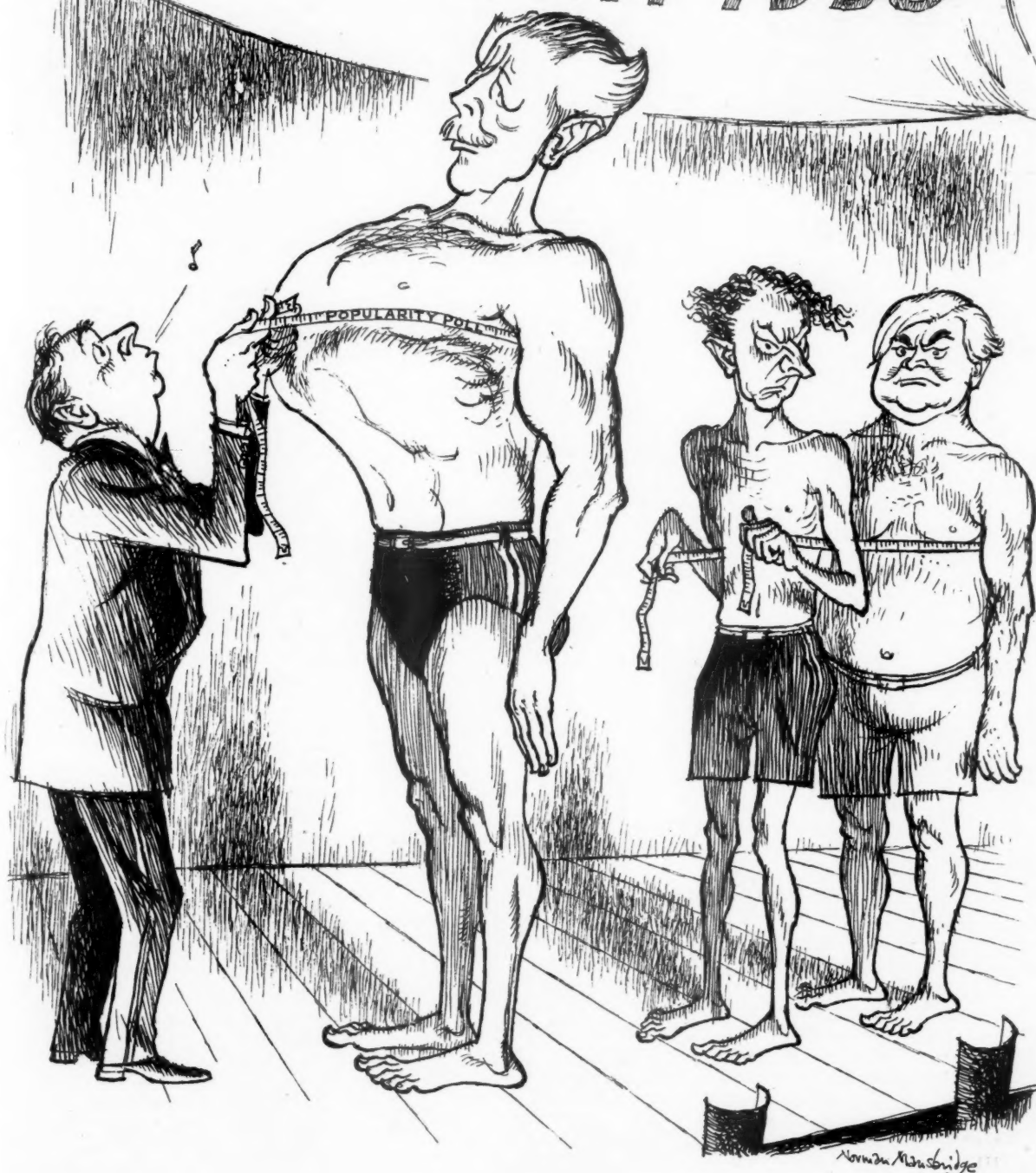
**T**HE wicked grocer, according to Chesterton, was never known to treat housemaids to his teas or stand a man a cheese, but something of the sort may be done by the National Union of Small Shopkeepers. To win back trade which the chain stores are taking from them they have been thinking of giving their patrons a discount of fourpence in the pound to be invested in football pools, any winnings to be divided among the customers. This is over-calling the Co-op—it is the "divi" with a gamble thrown in for good measure, and a challenge to the Government's premium bonds. It is becoming increasingly difficult to buy anything, say a loaf, *qua* loaf, just a loaf and nothing more as though it were a primrose by a river's brim; there has to be a toy or a bit of bric-a-brac. Yet the cigarette makers, who started the thing years ago in a modest way with those splendid sets of arms and armour and ancient gateways, now stand aloof, merely giving cigarettes, no doubt because their sales are all right without carrots. Why don't the cinemas, who dropped 17 per cent last year, offer attractive little images of TV stars for sticking pins into?

### Muteness and Mutations

**C**RITICISM of Mr. Sandys over his announcement that Britain is to launch a new series of H-bomb tests seems to centre not so much on the fact that the tests are being held as that he hasn't said what they are for. It is always consoling for two-headed children to know that the atomic fall-out which brought them into being was generated in a good cause.



# MR BRITAIN 1958



VITAL STATISTICS

*Aspects of modern thought and behaviour*

## WESTERN APPROACHES : Welfare



### TIME TO OVERHAUL

By GEORGE SCOTT

**QUESTION:** What is it that is (a) a blanket stifling energy and enterprise, the cause of and the symbol of our national decadence; (b) a testament to our humanity, the first wonder of the modern world; (c) an incomparable attraction to indigent, toothless, hairless, pregnant foreigners; (d) the creation of the Labour Party; (e) the creation of the Conservative Party; (f) the creation of the Liberal Party?

**Answer:** The Welfare State, of course.

In fact the Welfare State, as we now know it, is partly the mature evolution of infant social services of the past hundred years; partly the outcome of measures agreed within the war-time Coalition Government; partly accident and partly the fulfilment of Socialist policies; partly the end-product of an irresistible collective impulse, an impulse to make a land fit for heroes to subsist in.

More charitably, it is said that the Welfare State has ensured to everyone in Britain, from carry-cot to coffin, freedom from basic material anxieties. The Welfare State, an amalgam of social services embracing education, sickness, housing, old age, unemployment, poverty, child-bearing and child-rearing, and litigation, is not to blame if citizens re-create anxiety by taking on imprudent H.P. commitments for the car, the telly, the fridge, the washing machine.

Some of the optimism which pervaded the Welfare State in its early days has been dissipated. For instance, only a Ministry of Education hand-out would still claim that "parity of esteem" had been achieved between the secondary modern and the grammar schools. Yet the post-war years have seen very many steps taken towards the full realization of the Butler Education Act of 1944. All State primary and secondary education is now free and compulsory up to

the age of 15. Four out of five university students are now wholly or partly State-kept; one in four is the son of a manual worker.

There is opportunity as never before, but we are a long way off providing equality of opportunity even in its impure, everyday sense. The odds against winning a grammar-school or university education vary most erratically from place to place. The ambitious child will tell his parents where they should make their home. He would also do well not to be born of moderately successful, middle-class, pay-as-they-earn parents because even if he wins a university scholarship neither he nor they (wrongly assumed to be wealthy enough to pay for him) will benefit.

**THE** National Health Service is, in foreign eyes, the most enviable and the most implausible of all our social services. One of the three basic assumptions of the social insurance scheme of the Beveridge Report was a non-contributory free health service. After the honeymoon period, disturbed only by irresponsible right-wing cries of "wigs for wogs," the "free" part has been increasingly qualified—

by charges for prescriptions, for glasses, for dental treatment and by the levying of a weekly contribution which the clever Government say isn't really a contribution at all. But still no one in Britain need be seriously worried by being ill, a statement proved by the fact that more and more people are being ill.

So far as housing in the Welfare State is concerned it has been all right for some. The "some" are those who have enjoyed, by accident, subsidized homes in post-war Britain. In the days when, to the ex-Serviceman rash enough to propose marriage, heaven was a "furnished" attic room and hell was the likelihood of having to stay there for the rest of his life, everyone mustered his points and joined the council housing list.

The housing lists were the result of the shortage; the subsidy, which largely persists, was supposed to be a temporary aid during the transitional post-war period, a counterpart to rent control. The social stigma once attached to living in a council house died and was replaced by envy and respect for the tenant's influential contacts.

The one thing it has been better not to be in the Welfare State is old. Although successive governments have accepted the principle of the 1946 National Insurance Act that benefits in old age (and in sickness and unemployment) should provide the minimum necessary for subsistence, they have rarely kept pace with the cost of living.

A result has been the large-scale revival of the means test, and no euphemisms can obscure this fact. In 1952, for example, nearly two and a half million people, including dependants, were getting help from the National Assistance Board to supplement their widows', old age, sickness or unemployment benefits.





"Sheer physical exhaustion—lay off action painting for the time being."

On the other hand, any woman can afford to bear a child. If childbirth has not yet become universally painless, at least it costs nothing. There are jolly pre-natal clinics to attend and jolly ambulance-drivers just waiting for your faintest whisper to whip you off to hospital. All for free. The fact that life in the maternity ward is apt to be so rigorous that the mother hurries home for a rest is no more than a proper discouragement to malingerers.

And never let it be said that father has been forgotten. There are those wonderful family allowances which the wife collects every week even if he never sees them. He did not actually ask for them, he might prefer some tiny reduction in his income tax instead, he might object to paying tax on the allowances for which he already pays tax and which he did not want anyway,

but everyone is agreed they are a tremendous stimulus to the birth-rate and put Britain among the most advanced nations of the Earth.

(I have not forgotten the food subsidies, by which we paid in advance, through taxes, for our food so that we could buy it cheaper later on, but the callous Tories have now virtually abolished this privilege.)

THE last in my original list of social services is legal aid. The income limits above which aid will not be granted are so low that only the very poor can afford to go to law. And that, as all but lawyers will agree, is probably just as it should be.

This in brief is the range of the Welfare State. But although some people speak of it as though it were sacrosanct it is constantly changing.

So many theories and threats abound on the subject of education it is hard to trace any clear pattern of the future. If Labour come back to power there is the possibility of bigger and better comprehensive schools, aiming at the removal of discriminatory, class-conscious labels but in fact probably instilling in the not-so-bright child an even sharper awareness of being separated, under the same roof, from the cleverer children.

And what of the public schools? Some Tories say they must remain, that parents must be left free to pay through their noses to give their sons and daughters that certain something which, to show what an unbiased commentator I am, had better not be described. Others (along with that sage of the new socialism, Anthony Crosland) say the public schools should be democratized





so that talented children of the lower classes may be turned out in what all (well, perhaps not quite all) agree is the most desirable looking mould any chap could wish to be turned out in.

Then there are some old-fashioned, fire-eating Socialists who say the public schools must be abolished if the caste-system and the inequities of our educational system are not to be perpetuated. And there are those like Hugh Gaitskell (William of Wykeham's dream-child) who say wouldn't it be better perhaps, you know, if the public schools weren't actually abolished but allowed just to wither away, as capitalism was supposed to do. This, at present, is the official Labour line.

**WHICHEVER** party comes to power next it is likely that the housing subsidies will be considerably cut. Now that the Tories have made a start on removing rent restrictions it is hard to see how council tenants should be left to enjoy special protection at the expense of their fellow-citizens, unless they can show real need for relief.

As for legal aid, either the income limits must be substantially raised or the Welfare State may as well forget the whole idea.

Both the major parties know that unless they solve the problem of pensions the Welfare State is something of a wash-out. Labour's National Superannuation proposals face the fact "that an adequate subsistence pension for

all can only be financed by increased taxation or by increased insurance contributions or else by a sensible balance between the two."

Both parties agree that a way must be found of making pension rights under private schemes transferable. This is necessary in the first place to protect the individual so he does not have to seek National Assistance in old age and also to help to break down the barriers erected against a man entering new employment in middle-age because he is a liability upon the pension scheme.

It is charitable to assume that the Welfare State has removed all material anxiety. As we have seen there are conditions, like old age, widowhood, even being ill or out of work, which can still be extremely anxious. Yet even these conditions have lost their nightmare quality, and so far at least we may be proud of the Welfare State. It is an expression of our communal humanity.

But it is far from perfect. It would be extraordinary if so much unintegrated and hastily framed legislation were found to be otherwise. And it is ridiculous that any who criticize it (particularly young men who have benefited under it), who question whether all that has been done has been well done, should be reviled as ingrates and blasphemers.

The Welfare State is too indiscriminate in its bounty. Taxation and central government have progressed so far it

would now be impossible to start from scratch again. But there must be some recollection of first principles, of what we mean by welfare. The simple intention of the social services should be to take from those who have to give to those who need help in times of distress and emergency. It should not be to give to those who do not need them services they do not want and charge them for doing so.

**WHAT** has been the effect of the Welfare State upon the British people? Are we a better nation for it? What is a *better* nation?

The ultimately important question is what helps us to survive as dignified imaginative, creative individuals? And the answer to that *may* be found to be incompatible with the humane search for social security. We are still finding out. By the time we have discovered the answer any possibility of making a choice of one course or the other may well have become purely abstract.

As for the cost of it all, I should hate anyone to overhear me, but I have begun to wonder whether there are any limits to how hard the materially ambitious man will work to overcome the penalties imposed by the inland revenue. Do people really throw up their hands and call a halt to work because it is not worth their while? And if they do would they act so very differently if there were not a Welfare State and taxation were not so high? (Of course just how much energy is now wasted in finding ways of not paying tax is quite another matter.)

There can be only interim, tentative judgment on the Welfare State. It was built, impetuously and recklessly, upon unstable foundations. While people live in squalid houses, go to squalid schools, are treated in squalid hospitals, so much of the Welfare State must be ineffectual first-aid.

We should now begin to put more emphasis on the *prevention* of misery, illness and waste. Then it might be easier to see what cures were really needed and how they should be applied.

P. M. S. BLACKETT writes next week. Other contributors to this series:

MAURICE  
RICHARDSON  
D. F. KARAKA  
JOHN WAIN

R. C. ROBERTSON.  
GLASGOW  
WOLF MANKOWITZ  
DREW MIDDLETON

## Punch Pools Guide : AN EXPLANATION

ON Saturday, August 23, at least six weeks too early, another soccer season opened. It goes very much against the grain (fairly wide and straight is our preference) to announce this fact with Test Matches still in the air, while the County Championship is still unsettled, and the best of the summer—surely—still to come. But it is impossible to ignore the literature that has descended on us from Liverpool, Glasgow, Leeds and London in recent weeks, gay pastel-tinted envelopes packed with coupons, messages of hope and goodwill and cut-out pictures of former pools winners.

"Hello, folks," says one letter, "Ready for the big K.O.? This season, as ever, —'s are partnering you on the terraces. There's fun and lolly in the great winter pastime. Your skill can put you on top of the world when it's invested with —'s. It's so easy, friends, to win giant returns on our six-league, nothing-barred coupon. Get hep to 1958-59, and don't forget to say whether or not you want your wins publicized."

And there are many more epistles like it, all of them calculated precisely though of course unintentionally to make snobs like us hold our noses. We believe that thousands of people would welcome a more tasteful approach by the

By BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

pools promoters. Why must we always—we journalists, clergymen, barristers, teachers and so on—be addressed as folks, and why should our dividends be downgraded to lolly?

Wouldn't something on these lines be more likely to win our interest and patronage?

"To whom it may concern. The approach of another season of Association Football is a good time to revise your portfolio of investments. May we therefore respectfully draw your attention to the manifold advantages of our pools service . . .

"We would remind you that dividends paid to successful subscribers are *not subject to taxation*. They are free of income tax and, more important perhaps, free of surtax. Every week millions of pounds sterling are deposited with us, the bulk of the money being invested by the working classes, by people who lack the—shall we say—educational background necessary for really wise speculation. And all of this liquid capital, after deduction of a reasonable percentage for the proprietor's own use, is *available as prize money*.

"It is greatly to be hoped that this season many more of the brains, the

real leaders of our beloved country, will avail themselves of this new opportunity and help to reverse the one-way flow of money implicit in the Welfare State (i.e., from brains to brawn). Remember, please, that every dividend won by the upper classes means so much less for the glutted lower orders to spend. Remember, too, that the transfer of purchasing power from the masses to the responsible few is an essential prerequisite of financial stability and a nail in the coffin of inflation.

"It is not only prudent to invest in our pools: it is your duty as good citizens.

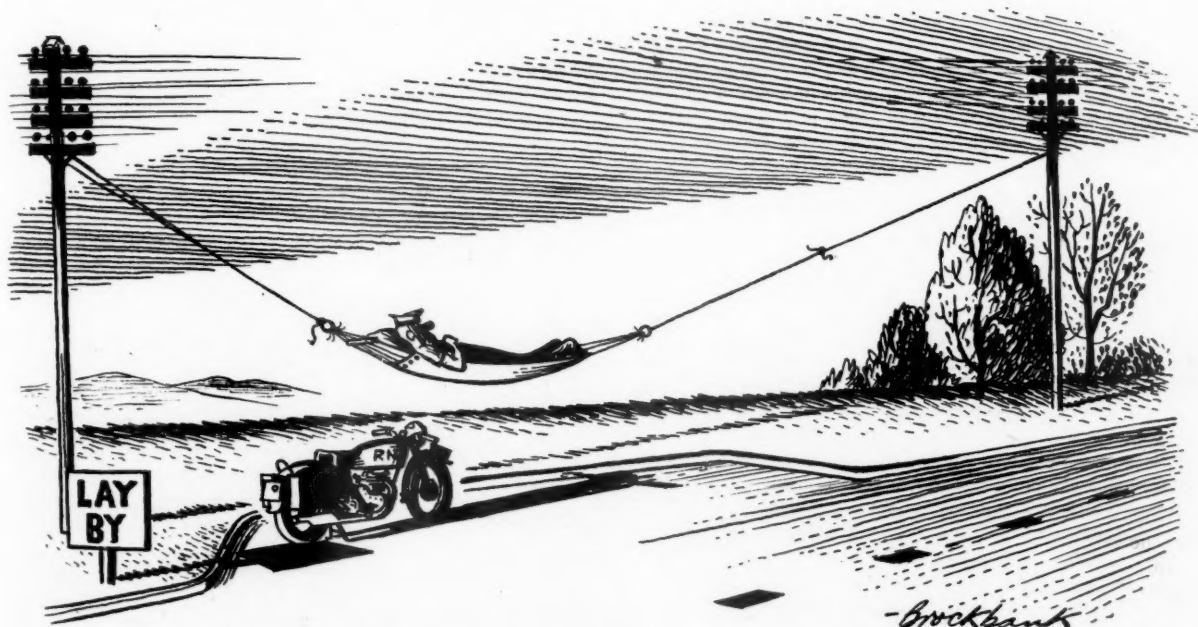
"Naturally you will not wish to have your dividends disclosed to the general public. Will you therefore make some kind of mark (a cross will do) in the space provided. Thank you, and *bonne chance*."

An appeal such as this would obviously need the support of the more intelligent periodicals. No pools investor of quality would seek advice from hacks who write:

WOLVES HAVE BANKER LOOK

or  
MIDDLESBROUGH RATE HIGH IN HOMES  
PERM

or  
ROVERS NAPPED FOR TREBLE CHANCE  
SCOOP



Something much more dignified is needed, something like this:

# PUNCH POOLS ADVISORY SERVICE

Foreword: Success at Association football depends primarily on a club's economic background. Teams are bought for money, and money (for transfer fees) is only available where attendances are good. And attendances (sometimes called "Gates") clearly reflect conditions of business and employment in the region.

If there is a depression in potting the likelihood is that teams such as Stoke City and Port Vale will lose far more often than they win and struggle to avoid relegation. If toffee is eaten in a big way Everton should do well. If straw hats become fashionable again (watch the *Tailor and Cutter*!) Luton Town are in for a splendid season. And so on.

It follows that all forecasts (those for last week will do as examples) should

be regarded as studies in regional economics.

We tip Swindon to beat Wrexham because we have taken a long bright look at current plans for locomotive production and feel no enthusiasm for the latest coal returns. (Home banker.)

We tip Liverpool to beat Grimsby. Liverpool is prosperous, shipping busy, Irish immigrating, but Grimsby is certain to feel the pinch as the fishing dispute with Iceland warms up. (Good home.)

We like the look of Middlesbrough against Brighton. The Boro' draws its support from a steel-making district and steels are worth holding at the present time. Brighton, however, cannot have done particularly well out of this dreadful summer. There will be fewer landladies on the terraces this season, and we are confident that the North-east will prevail in this encounter. (Banker.)

We favour Sheffield Wednesday in its battle with Swansea Town. There is

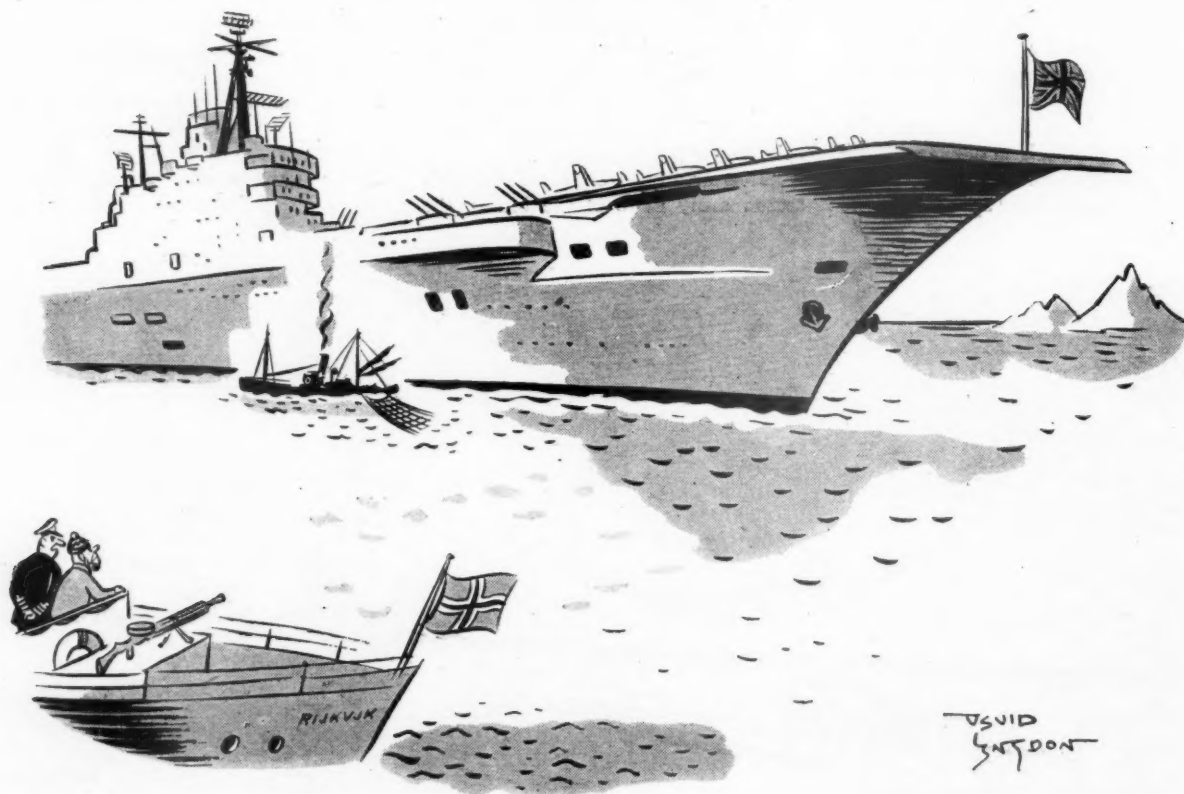
more food about than ever before and the demand for cutlery continues brisk. The news that coal stocks are at a record level bodes ill, however, for the Town, and we predict that the Cutlers will win without difficulty. (Banker.)

We fancy the Wolverhampton Wanderers . . .

You get the idea.

But why, you may ask, should we take the trouble to boost the pools in this way? Why not throw in our lot with National Savings and Premium Bonds? The answer is quite simple. It has been brought to our notice that half the cricket teams in the County Championship now rely on the proceeds of pools competitions to pay their way. We also read that small shopkeepers are trying to retain their trade—in competition with the multiple and department stores—by baiting customers with winning lines of pool stuffs. And we are partial both to cricket and small shopkeepers.

We should like that to be understood.



"As a nation they've always been fond of a bit of fish."



The author of this article is **HELENE DARREL**, a teenager. It is printed exactly as it was received.

## The Time of Being

IT gets hot in the cafe sometimes and then its really like hell working there. Not literally of course, though come to think of it I couldn't imagine much worse. Be a laugh if I had to spend eternity whipping down tables, I know our supervisor would be there for sure shaking her head at me for leaving a bit of potatoe while the fires licked up her legs. I'm thinking of going to purgatory though, its something a bit like a remand home. My sister didn't used to think that. She thought it was a rude word to do with advertisements for bile beans and even now she never talks about it in case she gets the wrong one.

Anyway one summer afternoon I saw this boy. You couldn't miss the way he came walking in with such a lordly air and sat down like he owned the place, at the same time withdrawing from his pocket a packet of lettuce sandwiches. I could tell they were lettuce because a bit dropped out on the floor where he hadn't pressed the bread together hard enough and there was a cabbage white butterfly catterpillar sitting on it. At least that proved it wasn't water cress though I suppose it might have been ordinary cress. I never really studied seriously the eating habbits of the cabbage white butterfly so I can't say if they only eat cabbage or not. From their name they do, but names are so misleading. Whoever heard of wigs for ears? My sister says you might twist their tails round like kiss curls, but if you did that somebody would be sure to report you for cruelty to insects. As the great man said "Roes by other names smell twice as sweet" meaning caviar. Funny to think they had caviar then, I can just picture them eating it at their midnight jousts. My sister put in her exam paper at school that King Charles was a Caviar. I had to laugh because what she mean't was Chandalier of course.

Honestly I do sometimes wonder if my sister is all there. I know its not very nice to say that but e.g. (for example), when I said I was writing this she told me with a frown. "Don't do that Mavis (my name is Mavis) it would

be much easier if you sailed to the chanel islands on a raft and wrote a book called the 'Kontiki Expedition.'" Then my brother who passed the eleven plus kind of sneered and said, "Don't be daft somebody already wrote a book called that." To which my sister replied, "So what? There must be hundred of people who haven't read it. Me for one." And that shows you how

the cafe (pronounced as in waif) and sat down with his duffel bag. I wasn't going to stand for that especially when he called me over casual like and asked me for a plate. So I put my hands on my hips and give him a smoldering look saying through parted lips. "There is a notice up there which says all food must have been brought on the premisis." And he bit into this egg



stupid she is because if I did write that book how would they know which was mine and which was the original? I shouldn't like to think I was taking money from anyones pocket same as I shouldn't like anyone to take money from mine.

Well the real reason I began to write was so that people should have an idea of how we teenagers live. I mean nobody ever does write about us unless its something bad, and we should all know how the other half lives. That what I figured anyways. (That figured is an American expression which I picked up in the pictures). Anyway this is a day in the life of a decent English rosebud.

It started when this fellow walked in

calmly (I knew it was egg because after a bit you can tell can't you?) and said, "Well I did bring mine on the premisis or I wouldn't be eating it." I couldn't understand this very well. I mean I'm not dumb but when people start getting complicated I just expire. So I fetched him a plate and somehow or other we got to talking, and before I knew where I was he had asked me to go out with him that night.

Now as luck would have it I had the afternoon off that day so I thought I'd get myself poshed up a bit. My friend you see she works in this hairdressers and she says I can always pop in for a hairdo when the're not busy. They don't get busy now so much. Like that



poem by Oliver somebody or other "One only master has grasped the whole domaine" referring to this man who came up from London. And some girls like a man breathing down their neck. But not me. I'm old fashioned and I don't dig men messing about with my hair. I mean going to the hairdresser is a social occasion as much as anything and you can't talk to men about other women without they think you're being catty.

Its queer what can happen at the hairdressers. I must have had some of my most memorable experiences under the drier taken all round. I used to hide when mum took me there as a kid. They'd get frantic searching for me, but mum was always a bit disappointed when I turned up. And if they got me as far as the door I'd scream so that everyone ran off in the opposite direction, thinking I was being murdered. (An old English custom.)

It was different later on. Sweeping in dramatic through the door and only occasionally falling on my face. I pretend I'm studying the carpet when I do this and as yet nobody has guessed the real reason. Only my dearest friend Ivy who said how much she admired my sang foid. I thanked her kindly promising myself to look it up in the doctors book.

It wouldn't be in there though I shouldn't think because dad brought it before the war. They haven't even discovered the slipped disc in it so I expect people who had that in those days used

to die. The reason dad brought it was in case he had to give first aid to someone in an air raid. He never did though thank goodness. Picture some poor man bleeding to death while dad kneels beside him and thumbs his way from A—Z. And dads a bit slow like that because he might see something interesting on the way. I can just imagine it, like in a picture I saw once. This fellow lying with palid face in a sticky pool of red while dad unperturbed runs his finger down the list of ailments only occasionally lifting his head to murmur. "Eh! I think I've got that, all the symptoms are here." And mum muttering something about wind. I think we just used it to press flowers in, because you need something heavy for that. Oh yes! And my brother pulled out the appendix and made some corney joke.

Well to get back to the hairdresser. She left me under the drier once. I smelt so strange when I came out. Did you ever smell burnt chips? And you should have seen my hair next morning. I didn't know if I should stay inside for six months, become a monk, or carry a sign saying "Join The Yul Bryner Fan Club." Except that I daren't do that in case of the unions. So I had a cunning little crew cut.

This girl she does my hair real classy. Once she gave me one of these home perms. We didn't copy the chart though. I had some sausage curls at the back and a big wave on one side. Round my face she did some spit curls and it

looked real smashing when she finished. A bit one sided but I stuck a carnation behind one ear, sort of forign, and that combined with my gipsy ear rings made all the difference. A fellow whistled sort of surprised when I came out, but I told him not to be cheeky and he didn't any more. Pity really. Trouble was later my flowers started to moult and it was a bit awkward to keep having to fish down my neck for petals. And carnations have so many don't they? Still some well mannered fellow did stop and help me when he saw I couldn't reach. Oh but he did have cold hands.

I thought for this boy I would go special as I had never been with him before. Its best to break them in gently. So I had my hair given a gold rinse and swept off my face into a little bunch at the back which was tied with my expandable glitter ring. Then I pulled a bit forward and my friend cut it short and painted two or three lilac streaks in it like she read about in one of those glossy magazines. It still stuck out at the sides a bit but my friend solved that problem by producing two of these combs that had just come in. Silver and black they were and they only cost half a crown each. When I put on my pancake at home I stuck a gold sequin down low beside my mouth, and it looked so good that I stuck another beside my eye after I applied my purple eyeshadow.

Boy I was sexy. And this boy thought so too because he recoiled. Recoiled,



when he saw me. I did a little wriggle along the path and he laughed appreciatively as he watched me. He kept behind me down the street and I wriggled more than ever. I got a real good wriggle. My friend says I must have double jointed hips, but the way I do it actually is to tie my waspie belt just above my knees. Then I get my

tight skirt on over the top. Its real murder but it gives you a smashing wriggle. And they don't tell you that in none of those beauty book for all they rush you half a dollar.

Luckily the pictures are just round the corner and it didn't take us long to get there. Several people along the way seemed interested in the sky and did not reply to my jovial greeting. Perhaps they could see something though that I couldn't. They were friends of mine anyway. This boy I was with asked for two three shilling tickets and as he took them he bent forward to whisper something in Mabels ear (thats the girl in the pay desk) and she giggled, very fresh. I asked her afterwards what he said but she wouldn't tell me. Replied that it wasn't nice to repeat a confidence. At least we were both shown into the back row together.

I shall never forget the time when I went to the movies with a boy and he brought a three shilling ticket for he and a one and six for me. Telling me quite calmly to come and find him when the lights went off. Well I do think that was rude. He should have had the one and six and come to look for me. Anyway I wasn't having any. There was this nice fellow sitting next to me in the front, a student I think he was. They don't have much money do they poor things? And I felt a bit sorry for him all on his own so I accidentally grabbed his hand when a frightening bit came on. I think he was glad of it really because he looked a bit green.

As I remember it was a film about hospitals and they were just going to cut this woman open. Lovely it was, but as soon as the point of his scalper touched her skin they didn't show you any more. Just this mans face all gleaming and tense beneath the arc light. And he kept muttering to himself all the while he was doing this operation, something about Whitby or Whitley as though he was thinking about his holidays or trying to remember to buy his winter underwear. And I think it made this fellow beside me feel a bit queer because when I took his hand he clutched at me at first and then jumped away from me. "Oh I'm so sorry." I says. "I was thinking of my boy friend and I forgot he gave me up last week for another." And this boy gave me a sympathetic look from what I could see in the dimness, and we got on fine after

that. I wonder what did happen to the boy I went with.

Well to get back to the thread of the story. When they showed us into the back row I imediatly thought. "Hello!" Not because I had seen someone I knew but a figure of speech. "Hello!" I thought again as his arm stole round me. And casually with infinate care I removed my ivory handled toothpick from my bag and stuck it into the waist-

in an attempt to discover what was the flavour of the month, and when she said it was strawberry which I don't like I asked if she had any left from last month. And the guy sitting next to me didn't like it a bit, not the one I came with but the one on the other side. Because I think he liked strawberry. He kept telling me to be quiet and I told him to be quiet too because I had been paid for. And after that he moved



band of my skirt. I always carry it around with me for mum says you never know when you might need one. Its a kind of family heirloom really, my greatgrandfather brought it back from the Boer war. He was accidentally separated from the rest and had to live in this Indian village where they shot elephants for a living. It seems a precarious sort of life to me. I don't know if elephants hibanate or not but I should think that would be the best time to get them, when they are lying down. They are so very big when they stand up. Perhaps they shoot its legs off from under it. Maybe thats why they wear those things on their heads because they can't afford a shampo and set. Mum wears something like that round her hair when she has her curlers in. Anyway he found an elephant with an ivory in it and had it made into a toothpick.

We got settled down and then my friend Beatrix came along the row with a tray of refreshments slung nonchantly around her neck. I called along the row

so I think he must have been a bit ashamed of himself.

In the end after I had examined the refreshments I decided on a drink of orange, two packets of nuts, a bag of popcorn, a bar of chocolate, a coke, some chrisps and a sherbert fountain. And I gave the bill to the boy I was with. I didn't buy too much because they always have another girl who comes round in between the films and you can buy some more. I have to nibble in the pictures don't you? Mum says its because I'm neurotic.

The first film was not much good. But the second one was about this fellow with only a gitar to his name who made good. He was real gone and half way through this boy came up to me and bowing nicely ejaculated. "Come on sugar, lets go and dig that crazy symphony." Oh and I couldn't refuse, he was so manley. Wow! Talk about posh. He had a longish coat on and ever such broad shoulders, and a real velvet collar. His trousers were tight, I mean tight. And cut off descretly at the



bottom to show to advantage his green and black swede shoes with the three inch soles. He didn't wear one of them common string ties either but a cute little spotted bow. And when I stood up and he began to get hep I noticed that his shoes were cunningly low cut so as to give a tantalising glimpse of his luminous socks. They flashed out at me at intervals like the go sign on the traffic lights, and I was sent by them more than by his exquisite dancing. So much so that in a kind of trance I began to cry rythmically. "Go man go!" This insensed those of the community who had not yet risen and with animal cries they sprang to their feet. (I mean thats not my wording but what was in the paper the next morning). We clung 'till all exploded in a vivid red light and rocked absessed down the gangway.

Unfortunately after a bit we had to stop because I lost one of my sequins and had to get down on my hands and knees to look for it. Also I discovered

on looking up that this fellows shoulder had gone. Evidently in his mad stupor he had raised his arm too high in the process dislocating his shoulder pad. He hadn't lost it though. You could tell because he had a big lump sticking out of the middle of his back which wasn't there before. And when I told him he went off to do some running repairs.

Naturally after all this there was no stopping us and it was only when some little chap came running in yipping like a fiend that we paused amassed to watch. Occaisionally he pointed a starters pistol and with his eyes glinting with madness fixed on us he forced us back to the stalls. Isn't it astonishing what these older people will do to create an impression? He really made a spectecal of himself. This little fellow arrayed in immaculate black cutting off a strip down the front row of the one and nines and at intervals putting his hands over his ears while the fire burst from his pistol and a hail of blank caps piled

up on the floor at his feet. And the while in the background the roar of music reached a pitch hitherto unrealized and soared into a resounding creshendo. Then suddenly the place became deadly quiet because the film had finished. And the only noise to be heard was the heavy breathing of the cats and an often unstiffled murmour from the usheretts crouching in the organ pit.

He turned to us his lips curling with the heat of the smoke rising from the gun in his hand. Then he barked. "O.K. The shows finished." And with these memorable words he slowly walked backwards pushing his way through the swing doors of the organ pit. And climbing on the organ he rode alone to that fruitless waste where man has seldom been. Leaving us silent and awe struck. But then as The National Anthem began to play we recovered and moved as though by some pre-arranged signal in stately procession towards the exit.



## No Me Ponga Brillantina

By ERIC KEOWN

THEY said I would find the *peluqueria* three doors up on the left round the corner from the wine shop, and that Carlos should have finished his lunch by five, as it wasn't Friday, when he went off into the hills on his Vespa to collect butterflies.

I fought my way through a jungle of glass beads into a small room that hit me with a stunning blend of tar, fried fish and bay rum. Subsequent events identified the three women who sat knitting as Grandmama, Mama and Mrs. Carlos. Also there were a few

children. Carlos himself lay deeply asleep on a pile of old fishing nets.

"Carlos!" everyone screamed, "Servicio!"

The master was very far away, and it took him time to grunt his way back. He was a lean little man, very brown, in blue canvas trousers and a green shirt and rather faded co-respondent shoes. He had a winning smile, and as he came towards me he swayed noticeably. If there is one thing I dread, more even than spiders or tapioca, it's a drunken barber. When I was very young I was

carried in hysterics from a touring version of *Sweeney Todd*, and half my nightmares are still to do with the awful helplessness of the victim at the receiving end of a well-lushed razor.

Something of my alarm must have spread, unforgivably in this country of courtesy, into my face, and Carlos was quick to take it.

"No drunk," he laughed, "sardine boat all night. Very—" and he finished the sentence with his hands going up and down like lifts.

I pointed to my head, and he propped me on a music stool, after twirling it dexterously to its lowest position.

"Cut of the crew?" he asked. "Mostly fashion."

I explained in simple English that if it came to it I would rather have a tonsure than such a blasphemy on human dignity. But here the language barrier seized up, but for a useless trickerle of basic words. Since seeing Marcel Marceau I have felt there is nothing, not even the trickiest bits of Proust, that can't be translated into mime. Eloquently I dumb-showed for a light trim, the shaving-lines to be left in peace and the fluffy outposts over my ears also surviving.

Grandmama was the first to relieve her feelings, in a monsoon of fat laughter that set the glass beads chattering. Carlos preserved his professional gravity. "Toupee?" he suggested. "Weeg?"

I repeated my mime routine, this time using everything I had right down to my hips. Joyfully Carlos whipped out his scissors.

"*Largo o corto?*"

I seized a slate from the nearest child, who was drawing a female tourist in shorts, and made a quick sketch of my requirements, with arrows to the areas that were socially important. At this Carlos left the room, and I could hear him rummaging about upstairs. When he came back he held out a large, shiny chart, similar in purpose to the diagrams thoughtful grocers, leaning eagerly over their bacon-slicer, hand you to determine the ideal thickness of your rashers. The top half showed most of the male hair-styles known to history, and the bottom was devoted to all the beards that could possibly hang from the human face. All you had to do to win a fringe was say "No. 9." The models were very high stiff collars, and two had pince-nez, and it was pretty clear that the hand of their creator must long since have turned to dust.

I found it impossible to decide, torn between an elegant retreat from the forehead (No. 3), and a modified Hitler that would take easily to seawater (No. 7). Carlos was strongly for No. 7, the *tricoteuses* being even stronger for No. 3. Their lusty argument carrying to the street, passers-by began to join us, and soon a deafening battle was raging round my head. No longer a client, I had become a heaven-sent problem in aesthetics. At length an enormous man who had said nothing while he studied me from every angle,



"I am afraid I shall have to ask you to remove those strawberry leaves, your Grace."

as if he were thinking of buying me for the nation, boomed "*Tres!*" in such absolutely decisive tones that the engagement was over.

There was no looking-glass. I had to trust to Carlos. He proved to be of the school that takes dummy-snips in the air before each little raid into the undergrowth, a technique which has always made me tremble for my ears. But I was comforted by the way his distaff side came over at intervals and murmured "*Bello!*" in feeling voices.

The snipping died away, and Carlos fumbled in his pocket and brought out a small convex mirror which I am sure had fallen off his bicycle. He had done a faultless job, if perhaps a little better suited to the beach than Bond Street. Grabbing a bottle of evil-looking green sludge, he eyed me inquiringly. It was then that I remembered from my phrase-book the line that had so enchanted me at breakfast.

"*No me ponga brillante,*" I said, fending it off, in case.

## Summer Jargon

By A. P. H.

IT must be exhausting to be a "popular" sports writer. When I was young we used to "kick" a goal. In recent years it became the thing to "hit" goals. But now a goal is nearly always "slammed" or "crashed," or "banged," or "rocketed." Violence is entering into cricket too. Wickets no longer "fall"—they "tumble" or "collapse": in one paper the other day "wickets tumbled galore." One day, I suppose, they will disintegrate or

explode. County teams no longer get out: they are "skittled out," which, I protest again, is an insult to the noble game of skittles. (The purpose, and the best achievement, of the skittle-player is to knock all the pins down with a single throw. Anyone can knock them all down one by one. To say, then, that Loamshire were "skittled out" would be an appropriate compliment only if all ten wickets fell at the same time.)

Some of the accounts of Hampshire's

unfortunate match with Derbyshire read like a gangster tale—"149 wickets crashed for 14.9 runs apiece . . . They were seam-bowled to a humiliating defeat after shooting out Derbyshire for 74 in the morning . . . Harold Rhodes and Les Jackson *slaughtered* the leaders . . ." And then "Jim made 62 in a merry *thrash* against Gloucestershire."

In another great paper "Bold, brave Hampshire" were "*hustled out* for 23 and 55 and *thrashed* . . ." "The records *cracked* . . ." "Hampshire's buccaneering skipper . . ." (What on earth?) "It was Hampshire's turn to be *skittled* . . ." "Hampshire wanted 159 to win, but again they were *shattered* . . ." In another match "the 22-year-old spinner *ripped* through the batting . . ." "More *skittling* at Cheltenham . . ." "Jim McConnor *slammed* 62 . . ."

Even the gentle *Times* seems to be catching the infection. "Their batsmen fell like leaves in an autumn bluster . . ." "Derbyshire *stormed* their way to a first innings lead . . ." "Each Lancastrian in turn waited to be *pushed over the face of the cliff* by Langford . . ."

"Hampshire Cracked . . ." "Hampshire Crumble . . ." say the headlines, nobly supporting the reporters. "BURTON BLITZ . . . SEAM-BOWLERS MOW DOWN TOP TEAM." All this may be subtly designed to impress upon Americans and other doubters the vigour and vitality of cricket: but it seems to me to strike a wrong note. No cricket writer, I think, has descended to "Wham!" and "Ouch!" but that may come: "WHAM!" went Derbyshire, and "OUCH!" poor Hants replied." History may say that one of the many contributors to juvenile violence was cricket-reporting: and that would be a pity.

I wonder if the new technique may not find its way into other columns of our great dailies. It would add excitement to the reports of many a game. Chess—"Kozloff slammed his way to the championship with a sizzling Nicaragua Gambit. Kid Jodski, who opened well with a Sicilian Defence, burned up in the second half and crashed in flames when Kozloff pirated a second Queen."

Music—"Records rocketed at the

Albert Hall to-night as 63-year-old, debonair Sir Malcolm Sargent zoomed through the final bars of Old Man Tchaikovsky's Pathetic Symphony. Five seconds behind schedule at the end of the Second Movement, Magnetic Malcolm roared into the Third like Stirling Moss on the last lap at Silverstone. Flick! Flash! WHIZ! went the silver baton. Cram! Chunk! GRRRAM! the drums and the brass responded. Leader Paul Beard flew a protest-flag, but Sir Malcolm bulldozed on, sneaking the seconds all the way. Wheem! went the woodwind and clum-clum-clam the kettledrums. The fiddle-bows trembled like electric drills, some of them fell out, fatigue-drunk, but the team held together, and Sir Malcolm made the final Crumps with five seconds to spare. After that the last Movement was a piece of cake, Sir Malcolm bashing his previous best by three seconds and a half. Boy, did the fans yell! And were old Tchaiky's ears a-burning!"

Or the House of Commons—"With a speech like a pocketful of flick-knives Nye Bevan (Ebbw Vale) slashed and



"He's gone back to his first love—Oil."



humbled the Conservatives till he had them mewing for mercy. Wit whirled and laughter slit the roof. Up crawled Prime Minister Mac with a pitiful interruption. 'Wham!' came the split-second retort, 'Ouch!' groaned the Government, and were their faces purple? With words like flails he battered and scourged his foes. Foreign Secretary Lloyd spluttered an anger-black word but Bevan laid him flat and bleeding with a riposte that cut and tore like a bicycle-chain. Finally he had them stunned to silence, and when he had done they crawled out on all fours, licking their wounds."

Better not, perhaps.

Two small moans. One—why all this stuff about "seam-bowling?" In the famous Hampshire-Derby collision or clash, I gather, Hampshire were "seam-bowled to defeat" by the fast bowlers. Yes, I know—for a friend has told me—that seam-bowlers sometimes drop the ball on the seam with good results. But the important fact about them is that they bowl fast, not slow. Nor are they the only bowlers who make use of the seam. I was first bowler for my private school, as, of course, you know. I bowled slowly and very cunningly in the style that was afterwards adopted by Laker, Wardle and Co. I made much use of the seam, as, I believe, my successors do. Without the seam, I should never have skittled, humbled, crashed, or cataracted so many other schools. "Seam-bowling," therefore, is a misleading expression and should be taken off the best vocabularies.

Then, I am sorry, but before the next meeting of the M.C.C. I must raise again the question of ball-sabotage. "Tremlett," I read in *The Times*, "wasted no time in calling on Langford, who *rubbed the shine off the ball*, and proceeded to bowl like an old hand." The young man rubbed the ball, I presume, on the ground—or was it the boots of a companion? Or does he carry a file in his pocket? Whatever the method, the question is: what right has he to tamper with the ball at all? It is not his ball, it is not his county's ball; it is provided for the use of the two teams like the wicket and the stumps. The fast bowler who so inelegantly rubs the ball on his trousers as he marches into the television screen can at least say that he is seeking to restore



the ball to its original shiny condition. But this Langford fellow is altering the nature of the ball, for selfish purposes. If he can do that, why can't he alter the nature of the wicket—dig an artful hole at the other end with his heel? What would be said, as I have asked before, if the batsman, between the overs, captured the ball and tried to put the shine back with a little quick-drying polish (the umpire, no doubt, would hold it for him)? Why not? It is just as much his ball as the bowler's. A man I know who keeps *Wisden* in the home tells me that in fact there are provisions against dirty

work on the ball. In the Notes, he says, about Rule 43 (which gives the Umpires powers to decide what is "unfair" play), a bowler is forbidden to "lift the seam." It is also considered "unfair" to use resin to get a firmer grip. This commentator, at least, can see no distinction in principle between such practices and rubbing off the shine.

If the M.C.C. pusillanimously decline to act, the Umpires can, it seems, act without them under Rule 43. At the next meeting of the Council of Umpires the question, I trust, will be discussed and decided.

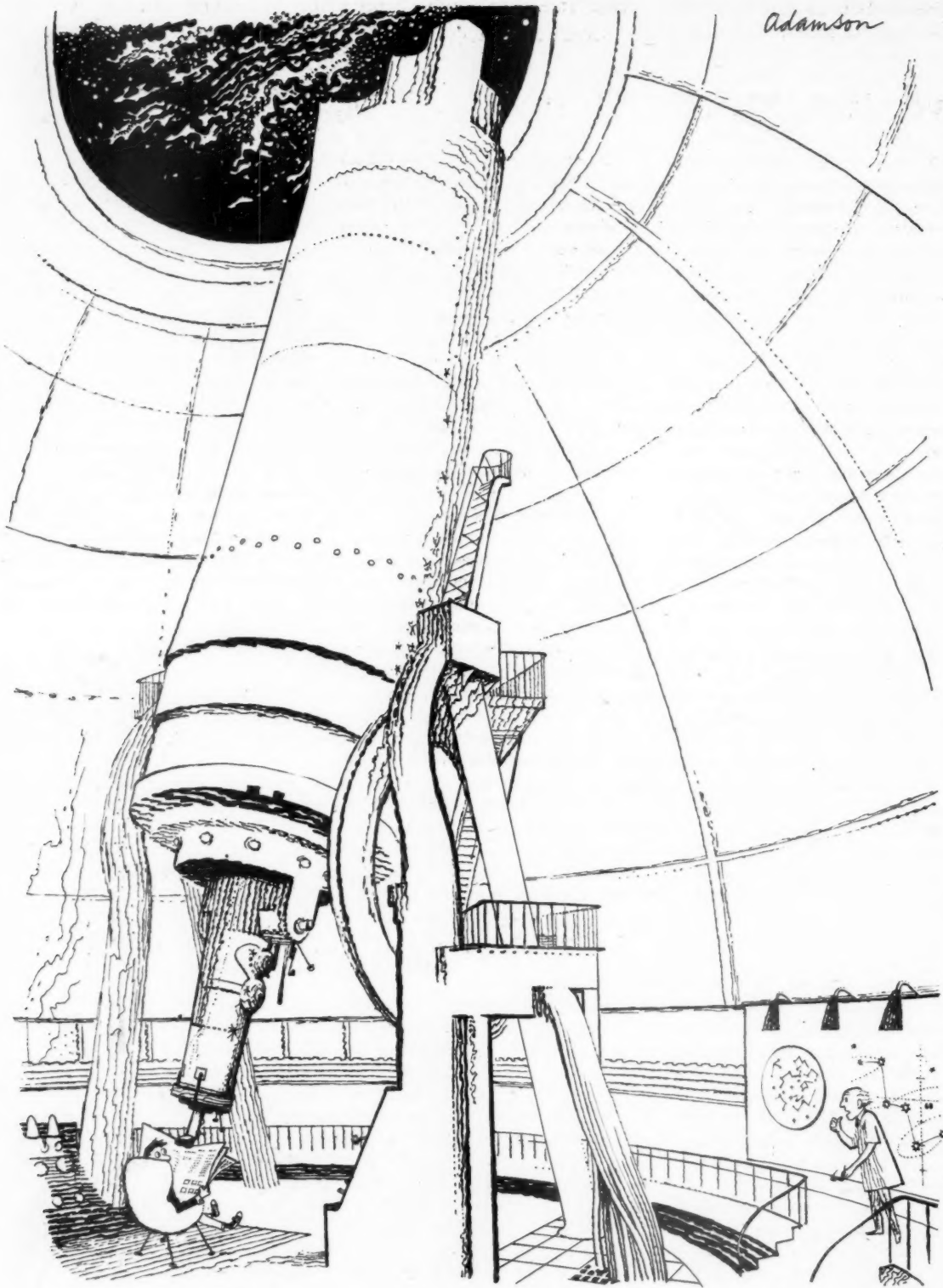
## Sunset and Sunrise

The sun that sinks  
Is subtler than one thinks,  
Expanding what the daylight shrinks,  
And flooding all the world in sombre inks.  
It is more apt than half a dozen different drinks  
To make the tree a troll, the bush a bear, the log a lynx,  
The signal light a star, the garden shed the shadow of the Sphinx.

The sun that rises  
Sobers and yet surprises.  
The world casts off its dark disguises;  
Objects stand forth again their proper sizes,  
Freed from the wild dimensions that the mind devises—  
Yet the mind questions, while it relishes what reason prizes:  
Is this the truth, or that? Day's certainties, or suspect night's surmises?

R. P. LISTER

Adamson



"No hurry. They've made a mistake in their counting-down."

If on September 14 a Thor-Able rocket rises gracefully from Cape Canaveral and bursts at fifty-five thousand feet, who but the American taxpayer will be any the worse off?

## Leave the Moon Alone

By B. A. YOUNG

I WANT to know, before this business goes too far, what the Americans think they're up to. What is all this eagerness to map the back of the moon? Are they planning to establish bases there, or are they afraid the Russians may have done so already? The human race has got along nicely for thirty million years or so without knowing what mountains, valleys, craters and alluvial deposits are at the back of the moon, and I refuse to believe they will gain much if they get to know now.

They may even lose. Suppose this precious rocket of theirs radios back, in that damnably ingenious way it has, that the dark side of the moon is made of solid gold—or worse, of solid pitchblende. Can anyone doubt that this will lead to redoubled efforts to send people up there to mine the stuff and ship it back here in special cargo Thor-Ables designed to home on the infra-red rays emitted by the garrison at Fort Knox? A lot of good that would do the human race, with Wall Street knocked sideways and the stockpile of deterrents rising as high as the Empire State Building. In any case, the Russians, even if they hadn't got to the moon first, would soon find a way of interfering with the traffic ("Sputnik buzzes Thor-Able") and so precipitating a world war, not to say a moon one.

Still, I have no doubt we have all deserved a world war a dozen times over, and I should not discourage the exploration of the moon if that were the only consideration involved; but it isn't. I am concerned mainly with the effect on the moon itself.

I can pass over comparatively lightly the point that I should never again feel the same pleasure in watching the moon gleaming over, say, the Lagoon of Venice if I thought that a lot of U.S.A.F. technicians or Russian political exiles were crawling about over its surface in air-conditioned caterpillar tractors, drilling for oil; though it is by no means a point to be dismissed altogether. What disturbs me more is the affront to the moon itself.

"It is not correct," writes Mr. Patrick Moore in his *Guide to the Planets*, "to regard the moon as nothing more than an ordinary satellite." (Every writer worth his salt has described the Thor-Able to you; I prefer to describe the moon, the factor in this deplorable undertaking that has been most ignored.) The moon is 2,160 miles across, big enough to bridge the Atlantic if necessary. It bears on its surface mountains five thousand feet higher than Everest, craters big enough to contain whole English counties, deep gorges extending for a hundred miles. This impressive landscape is bathed in the most profound and paradisiac silence.

Imagine such a scene on earth. Imagine how much pleasure poets and painters and mystics and Boy Scouts could derive from it; and then imagine how we should feel if some unscrupulous scientist on Mars sent a rocket into the middle of it, for no better reason than that he wanted to know what it was like. It hardly bears thinking of.

Scientists will no doubt say that one rocket on the moon will not change its looks much to an observer on the earth. Well, they may be right; but how do they know? Are they aware that the density of the moon is only sixty per cent that of the earth? In case it interests them, I have long held a theory that the moon is no more than a bubble of something, lava if you like, and the impact on it of quite a tiny probe off the end of a Thor-Able might easily burst it and turn it into a shower of meteorites quite without charm.

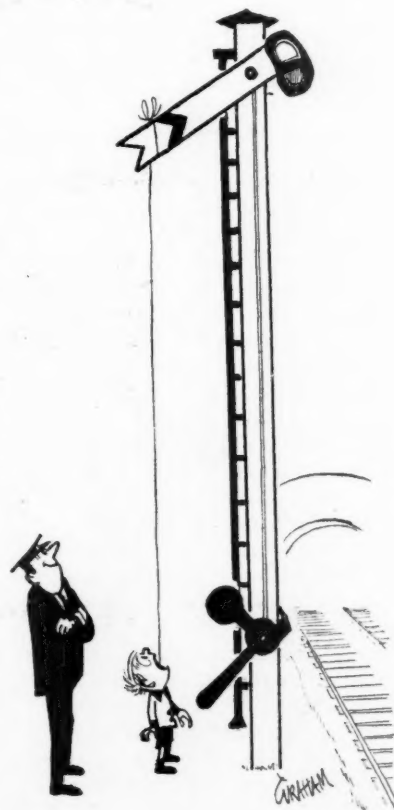
But this is still arguing from the selfish terrestrial point of view. For all we know, there may be other people to be considered.

Of course scientists have told us for years that life on the moon is impossible, since its atmosphere is so thin, and is in any case probably made up of nothing more invigorating than carbon dioxide with traces of krypton and xenon; but scientists take a lot for granted. Coelacanths at the bottom of the Indian Ocean must often remark to one another in their beautiful telepathic

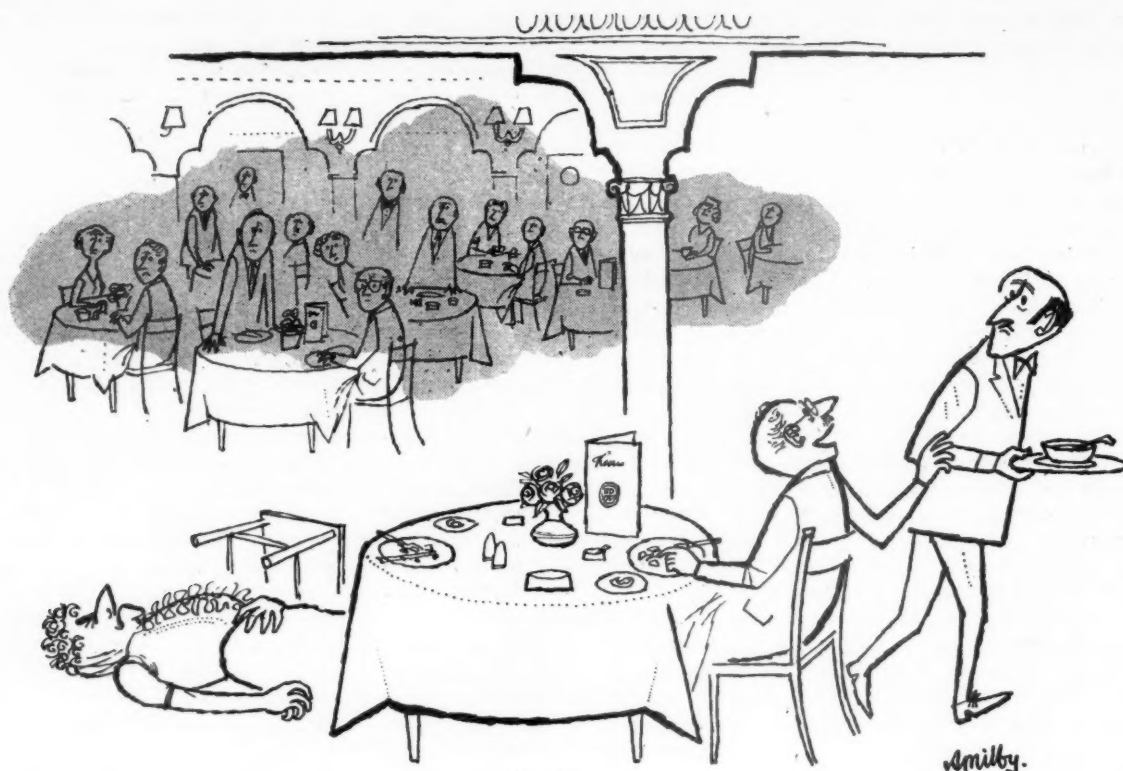
language that life on the surface of the world must be impossible, because there is no water to breathe and the pressure would be so low that people would burst.

I will go so far with the scientists as to admit that the odds against there being any life on the moon are considerable; but I refuse to discount it altogether. George Adamski, the earthly liaison officer with the flying saucers, tells us specifically that flying saucer crews use the moon as a kind of sidereal Clapham Junction on their way to the earth; and in 1912 a scientist whose name I forget at the moment descried through his telescope an enormous black flying-machine on the moon, two hundred and fifty miles across.

What is more, four-sevenths of the







"My compliments to the chef."

moon's surface has never been observed. Even if the side facing us were as dead as Social Credit, how can we be sure that there are not vast populations living on the other side, having moved there, for all we know, expressly to avoid being watched by impertinent terrestrials through telescopes? It is all very well to scoff; but take the parallel case of the planet Venus.

Venus displays a phenomenon called the Ashen Light, a faint luminosity of the hemisphere which is not receiving light from the sun. Astronomers, with their arrogant insistence that Venus is uninhabited, say that this light is unexplained; but it is not. It was explained by the Munich astronomer Gruithuisen. He said it was due to the glow from enormous forest-fires lit by the inhabitants in the celebration of religious festivals. To the best of my knowledge, no one has yet proved him wrong.

So perhaps the moon too has people on it, living peaceably on the hemisphere remote from us, herding their moon-calves, building enormous aircraft and

lighting forest-fires on lunar saints' days; and perhaps they don't like having rockets fired at them by Americans. They may even feel strongly enough about it to fire some rockets back at the earth; people capable of running a marshalling-yard for flying saucers should be able to do that.

In any case, the arguments against shooting at the moon as if it were a

grouse seem to me overwhelming. A spokesman of the Royal Observatory greeted last week's affair with the lapidary comment "There go three million dollars that would have been better spent on a telescope." There is a lot in what he said; except that instead of a telescope I would prefer subsidies for the arts and cures for cancer, rheumatism and juvenile delinquency.

## Touring By Liner

By ALISON ADBURGHAM

THE tender is alongside the ship, the canopied gharries are lined up on the quay. The Rock looms above the harbour and the rock apes are expecting visitors. They are well used to receiving guests and their gifts, because all through the summer a cruise ship steams into Gibraltar nearly every day.

The *Rhodesia Castle*, upon which the

expectant eyes of the apes are fixed (and of taxi drivers, shop-keepers, and the management of the Rock Hotel), is not a customary cruise ship and wears her bunting a little self-consciously. Owing to a rearrangement of Union Castle schedules, she is putting in time with a short cruise; a ten-day taste of the pleasures of life at sea and of the tranquillizing benefits of travelling at a

smooth eighteen knots instead of anything up to an average five hundred and fifty-eight miles an hour by other methods. For the duration of the cruise she has equipped herself with an Entertainments Officer, a four-man dance band, an extra nursery stewardess to look after the extra number of children, five additional wine stewards, a prodigious supply of balloons, crackers, dance favours, and two travel agents for shore excursions.

A liner is still the largest moving object made by man, and it is intricately honeycombed by passages and cabins. The inexperienced cruiser finds it is not so much a question of getting his sea legs as of collecting his sea wits—of finding the way about both in the sense of doing what is done and in the topographical sense. Having feared lack of exercise you are over-exercised by turning left instead of right, going upstairs instead of down, by taking the longest route between two decks. It is baffling, too, how time floats and yet flies. With no compulsion to do anything all day long, it should be possible to read a book or write a letter—at least a picture postcard. There is the Radio News Sheet, but the ideal place not to read about American moon rockets is on an English ship to the sun.

Yet this hiatus life inexplicably fills up; you are always at something. Analysed, this busy-ness breaks down into looking at passing ships through binoculars, identifying headlands, thinking you see porpoises; applying sun-tan lotion, booking appointments with the hairdresser; changing travellers' cheques and changing clothes; eating long meals and drinking long drinks between them; not quite hearing what the megavoice says about a deck-tennis tournament, thinking of entering, and then perishing the thought; moving your deck-chair out of the sun, out of the wind, away from the swimming pool, away from the man with a conversational duodenal.

"The best thing about foreign travel," says a middle-aged feminine voice, "is that you're so glad to get back to England."

Gibraltar, at any rate, lets her down lightly: just England with a foreign smell; no money or languages difficulties. Hibiscus and palm trees for a splash of Spain; Belisha beacons for a reminder of home . . . although these Belishas have clearly fallen into abuse. Always

a target for derision in England, in Gibraltar they appear to be a target for more tangible missiles. Those of us on the conducted taxi tour who did not want to see the apes, failed to take into account that the apes wanted to see us. They even wanted to sit on our heads and comb our hair. That was very foreign.

But foreign parts proper really started at Malaga. No English horses would wear such saucy straw hats—or show so much of their bones. The conducted tour to a wine bodega was a reminder that the very first conducted tour of all, in 1841, was arranged by Thomas Cook to attend a temperance meeting; and then a drive along the Mediterranean coast took us to lunch at Fuengirola. Afterwards, in the garden, amongst purple bougainvillea, Spanish flamenco dancers passionately twirled, stamped, and clapped in the heat of the midday sun—so much for the siesta hour. The coaches returned to Malaga in time for tea and shopping.

The success of a shore trip stands or falls, the organizers say, on the provision of this time for tea and shopping. On an afternoon excursion tea of some sort must be included in the itinerary even when it is locally unknown and undrunk. At Rabat, mint tea was

served at the Kasbah of the Oudaia in a Moorish café. This mint tea was recognized as an experience. Another experience taken with a stiff upper lip was the walk through the alleyways and markets of ancient Salé, where the smell of kid and camel leather was almost as disturbing as that of mysterious barbecue cookings (sheep's eyes on skewers? Goat's liver? Camel's kidney? Cuts off the fly-infested joints hanging up outside the butchers' bothies?). Queasy doubts about our own lunch to come were, of course, uncalled for. Our tourist agencies know just how foreign they can let things get, and lunch was in the modern European quarter of Rabat, in a restaurant that even Americans would be pleased to eat in.

Spirits revived; fezes, sheepskins, and leather drawing-room pouffes were recklessly bought from Arab peddlers at their asking price, ignoring the services of the tour's own Arab attached to the coach for bargaining purposes; and later, at the Sultan's palace, the link with England that always pleases was supplied by the information that the King of Morocco rides to his mosque every Friday in a carriage presented to a predecessor by Queen Victoria. But spirits flagged again in Casablanca. Glaring, dusty, modern, concrete



"This looks a nice shady spot."



Casablanca established itself as a most unfavourite city, and it was agreed that the great thing in a foreign port is to have a British ship to return to. Touring by liner you are wafted effortlessly away on cool breezes instead of, if touring by car, having to unpack in an airless hotel, and pack again next morning.

But at Lisbon the return to the ship was more regretful, the tyranny of time and tides resented. For at Lisbon everything enchanted: the climbing cobbled streets, the yellow tramcars, the plants and bird cages hanging from windows; the white peacocks, white pigeons, and ancient tortoise at the Castelo de Sao Jorge, the cloisters of the Jeronimos Montastery, the fado singers . . . at Lisbon *everything* enchanted, above all the Portuguese people . . . at Lisbon even those who must have their touch of home had it in the familiar red pillarboxes, made in England. After Lisbon, after two more days of sun on the voyage home, surely no one can have held the opinion that the best part of foreign travel was sighting mackintoshes on Tilbury quay.

## John Higgins

**J**OHN HIGGINS was a councillor of credit and renown,  
Who was more than proud to represent his ward.  
He had read his party handbook and the story of his town,  
And he wore the smartest suits he could afford.

He loved his Mother Country, and he loved his Fellow Men,  
And Tradition, and the Individual Choice;  
Broad-mindedly, he loved the other party now and then,  
And was partial to his own official voice.

He trod the path of reason at the Rotary debate,  
But of dogma when he took the party line,  
Of humility on Sunday when he took around the plate,  
And of pride when seen upstanding, taking wine.

For all the decent principles worth standing for, he stood;  
If committees needed sitting on, he sat.  
He crowned a public lifetime in the cause of public good  
By acceptance of the chain and tricorn hat.

John Higgins was a councillor who made himself a name,  
And fulfilled a useful purpose—let's be fair—  
But he did so for the reason that he revelled in the game,  
So must we have his statue in the square?

DAVID PROCKTER



## Toby Competitions

### No. 31—Mystery Drama Sensation

**Y**OU are invited to write the most sensational imaginary newspaper headline. Faithfulness to styles of originals is desirable. Secondary headings are permissible if demanded by the subject.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. **Runners-up, in future, will receive book tokens to the value of one guinea instead of bookmarks.** Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom right-hand corner of this page) by first post on Friday, September 5, to TOBY COMPETITION, No. 31, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

### Report on Competition No. 28

(This Desirable Residence)

Evidently a difficult assignment. Of the six properties for which competitors were asked to write house-agents' advertisements an overwhelming majority chose Reading Gaol, with Dotheboys Hall second. A few tried the House of Usher and Doubting Castle; hardly any took on Northanger Abbey or Brideshead. Though the lush note in the property advertiser's prose was well caught, there was—perhaps unavoidably—a tendency for the boasted attractions to fall into one or two clearly defined grooves. Some ideas were repeated in many entries and for this reason there are fewer awards than usual. The winner was:

MISS B. N. SMITH  
12 QUARRY ROAD  
LONDON, S.W.18

for this advertisement of Reading Gaol:

PERSONALLY RECOMMENDED. Solidly-built house of character in quiet country town where time passes slowly. Some unusual features. Delightful walled grounds, charmingly compact rooms, small yard. Property has been well maintained. Ample staff accommodation. Some modernization necessary. Lease twenty years or could be extended. Offers to Wilde and Co.

Following are the runners-up:

ASH AND SACKCLOTH LTD.,  
DOUBTING CASTLE

An opportunity occurs to purchase this notable and historic retreat. The present carefully maintained structure incorporates the foundations of MISTRUST and the old dungeons of WOE (now converted into serviceable guest-rooms), the remains of an earlier castle demolished by GREAT-HEART.

A fine new wing, SUSPICION, designed on the new space module, completes the whole to the present letter "H" plan.

The services are adequate; drainage is to the cess-pool MORBID, water from the well DEJECTION, electricity from the

generator NEGATIVE, and the central heating is by ARMAMENTS boiler.

There are considerable and fertile grounds of MISGIVING, well watered by the stream PROPAGANDA, and the wood POLITICAL shelters sundry curious beasts.

The castle is approached via a smooth fast driveway paved with SECOND THOUGHTS and there is also an old footpath for the convenience of travellers on foot (DEFEATISTS).

DOUBTING CASTLE is a scheduled Ancient Monument and receives a considerable contribution towards upkeep from Government sources.

Permission to view, with a jangle of keys, from the agents.—*Peter Gardner, New House, Easthampton, Kingsland, Leominster, Herefordshire*

### FOR SALE, THE HOUSE OF USHER

Situated in a simple landscape setting on the brink of a tarn lying in unruffled lustre, the mansion has grey walls and turrets and possesses an atmosphere peculiar to itself. A special feature is the "studio," a very large and lofty room with long windows, the floor of black oak, the ceiling vaulted and fretted. An attraction is the donjon, lined with copper throughout, which would make an excellent store for the perishables. The property should appeal to those who appreciate the sublimity of the sternest natural images and is especially imposing when viewed by moonlight.—*Hugh F. R. Miller, Rosebank, 48 The Drive, Sevenoaks, Kent*

### BR\*\*KS & S\*N

Centuries-old ancestral home of doom-laden family, now happily extinct.

Structure seriously cracked (like former owner), but this would facilitate conversion. All local services, including exorcism. The property would be a joy to a discerning owner who had the money and taste to restore a Gothic gem. Only £2,000, or near offer. View by appointment—daylight hours only.—*F. H. E. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex*

BERKSHIRE—39 miles London. Distinguished detached residence, ideal for the purchaser who appreciates the grace of spacious living in a home with a unique historical and literary past and a great tradition of hospitality. Situated in attractive, perfectly maintained grounds, comprising gardens and courtyards, well-limed soil, gardener's cottage. High wall ensures complete privacy and seclusion.—*Mary G. Lloyd, Homeleigh, Park Place, Newbridge, Mon.*

The following are commended for a rewarding phrase or two not consistently supported by the rest of the contribution:

*Mrs. D. M. Fielder, The Dell House, Radlett, Herts.; N. H. Thompson, 114 Derbyshire Road South, Sale, Cheshire; Gerald Finch, 15 Grotto Road, Weybridge, Surrey; P. G. Pyman, Westdale Road, Westerham Road, Leaves Green, Keston, Kent; Miss Deirdre Le Faye, 27 Mansfield Road, Reading.*

£ £

"IMPECUNIOUS, Public School, 18, without ties, seeks . . ."—*The Times*  
What, no evidence?

## CHESTNUT GROVE

Charles Pears, R.O.I., now widely known as a marine artist, contributed this classic nearly fifty years ago.



Old Lady (turning to neighbour, during last Act of tragedy.) "EH, MISTER, BUT THEM 'AMLETS 'AD A DEAL O' TROUBLE IN THEIR FAMILY!"

June 29 1910

# Shaggy Handbasin Story

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THERE are moments in history when it is restful to concentrate on the trivial. This is one. For a week or two now I have transferred my attention from world affairs to a mystery that happens while I shave. I will give you the facts as briefly as possible.

It is a manifestation of, at first glance, the most ordinary kind—a mark on the right-hand edge of the bathroom handbasin. It comes and goes. It goes when I wipe it off with a flannel. No mystery about that. The mystery is that I don't know when it comes. It is a circular mark, but gapped at one point, and might be made by a sixpence with an oiled edge and a chip out. It is a light, fine, almost-complete circle, then, marked in what could be a honey-

coloured sewing-machine oil—except for the faintest hint of stickiness.

At first it only touched my sub-conscious. At the end of shaving, during the usual private debate on whether to put to-morrow's new blade in the razor now and risk throwing it out unused under the impression that it was an old one, or leave the old one in and shave with it to-morrow under the impression that it was a new one, I would notice the mark, and wipe it off with a flannel. I don't know when I first said to myself "How did that mark get there?" But when I did, I realized that my sub-conscious had been saying it to itself for a long time. After that, the query gathered urgency day by day. Gradually it established precedence over the wiping. Later, over the

shaving. By last week I no longer went into the bathroom to shave. I went in to watch for the mark.

Already, you will have dismissed the thing with matter-of-fact mutterings about the caps of shaving-cream and toothpaste tubes. Not so. These preparations are not honey-coloured; even in households still in the slipstream of the chlorophyll boom they would only be green. Nor are they sticky; nor, if you care to get out your micrometer, are their cap-sizes that of a sixpence. In fact, there is nothing in my bathroom the size of a sixpence. Not even a sixpence. The nearest thing is the screw-cap to the witch hazel. Witch hazel is colourless and brought into play only intermittently. The mark is there every day.



I am a creature of routine, in the bathroom as elsewhere. It was clear to me, therefore, that the mark on the handbasin arose at some point from my personal ablutions system. I decided to stand outside the operation, as far as possible, and observe closely, having first abandoned my habit of shaving to a portable radio. It is difficult, as I hinted earlier, to catch a mark on a handbasin in flight, so to speak, during reports of assassinations, H-tests and the like.

Forgive me if I take you into my somewhat intimate confidence. If you are to join in the witch-hunt it is the only way . . .

I think I may say that I start with a clean basin; even during the school holidays. I shave. My shaving is brushless—so please reject all images of shaving-brush butts the size of a sixpence. Nothing is involved but the razor and the tube. As I shave I glance at the right-hand edge of the basin. It is still unmarked. I lay nothing down there but my razor. Once a month, possibly, a styptic pencil. I bathe. From the bath I keep a sharp eye on the basin. Nothing happens. There may be a brief interlude for moustache-trimming. Before now I have wilfully laid the scissors on the right-hand edge of the basin, and snatched them up again full of a nameless excitement. Nothing. Then teeth. With the tooth-paste cap I have dealt. It is clearly innocent. I slip the brush back in its bracket, place the tube on the window-sill and turn back to the basin confident



"I'm extremely interested in where I'm going—more than most, perhaps."

that, this morning, at least, I have not put a foot wrong—or indeed anything else which would make a faintly sticky mark on the right-hand edge of the handbasin such as might be made by a sixpence with an oiled edge and a chip out.

But there it is. Sometimes, now, it takes ten minutes before I can bring myself to wipe it off. I sit on the edge of the bath, taking an inventory of the room's contents, until people hammer on the door and ask me if I know what the time is. I was in there an hour and a quarter yesterday and I am glad there was no one to see. Having exhausted all reasonable possibilities I went wild. I tried to make marks on the right-hand edge of the handbasin with pumice-stone, a jar of alum, the thin end of the

loofah, a throat-spray bulb, the bath-plug, my big toe, the cork of an insect-repellent we haven't had out of the bathroom cabinet since 1955. None of them made the mark.

This morning it was there again.

I don't know how you will take all this. You may be envious or sympathetic. I think you can save your sympathy. I won't pretend that I have grown to love the mark, but it has its points. Once I find out how it gets there I shall have to start thinking again about Mr. Khrushchev, President Nasser, Brigadier Kassim, John Foster Dulles . . .

. . . Unless before then, by some tremendous stroke of luck for us all, they suddenly get a mark on their handbasins too.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Your reviewer\* meant well, But I wish you would tell All your readers, from Britons to Kurds, That for tracking the spoor Of the war (Anglo-Boer) I took three hundred pages, not words!

Yours faithfully,

EDGAR HOLT

Winchmore Hill, N.21

\* The Boer War, by Edgar Holt.

### METHOD

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—I think I am justified in saying that, contrary to what was implied in Punch Diary, the Matty Method is if anything more prevalent in repertory, where plays are produced and learnt in a

hurry and where actors often have scant regard for their material, than in the West End. The "you-never-know-what-he's-going-to-do-next" class of actor is also well-known in the amateur movement. It would seem though that adherents of the Matty school are predominantly male comedy actors who have acquired a sense of security in the theatre.

Yours faithfully,

Salisbury.

DANIEL PETTIWARD

### COMPOSER AND LISTENER

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—I greatly enjoyed Mr. Antony Hopkins' article, "Listen to the Decibels," but I should like to make two comments on it.

First, Mr. Hopkins is surely mistaken when he says that music, "should be a communication between minds, a two-

way process in which the performer needs to establish a rapport with his audience": I suggest that the communication and the rapport must be between the composer and the listener, and that the performer's role is to be the means of that communication and no more.

Secondly, the point about "the concert manners of the audience" could, I feel, do with more emphasis than Mr. Hopkins gives it. One is strongly impelled to give up concert-going and make do with records when one goes, as I have done, to a beautiful performance of Brahms' 4th Symphony, large portions of which it is difficult, not only to enjoy, but to hear, because of a hacking cough generously poured forth at ten-second intervals by someone in the next row.

Yours faithfully,

S. Woodford.

BERNARD JACOBSON



## CRITICISM



## BOOKING OFFICE

Through a Rose-Coloured  
Waistcoat

**Théophile Gautier: His Life and Times.**  
Joanna Richardson. Max Reinhardt, 30/-

IN 1862 a champagne party was held for the chief contributors of *Punch*, where they drank a toast to Monsieur Théophile Gautier, requesting a French friend who was present to convey to him the appreciation and homage of the assembly, adding that in the first rank of these lovers of *Mademoiselle de Maupin* was Mr. Thackeray.

This was rather a dashing thing to do in Victorian England, because *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is a novel about a young lady who decides to dress up as a man to discover what men really think of the opposite sex, an enterprise which naturally results in many complications when the persons she goes among, both men and women, find her disturbingly attractive. Swinburne wrote a sonnet to the book; Aubrey Beardsley executed a drawing of the heroine. It was usually produced over here in limited editions (until about ten years ago when Messrs. Hamish Hamilton published a cheap edition, translated by Mr. Paul Selver), although the humour, robust and high-spirited, would certainly shock no one to-day.

It would be hard to put forward a case for Théophile Gautier (1811-1872) being much read—or even known—in England nowadays, although his influence in this country, as well as France, has no doubt been very great. In his day, just as in our own, there was a tendency to try to tie art to politics. Gautier was the great opponent of this. He has gone down to history as the first champion of Art for Art's sake, and—although he may have had his silly side—he certainly did not pursue this cause in a silly manner. No one realized better than he that writing and painting, music and architecture, must move with the times; but he also saw that in these matters the artist comes first, not the politician or the economist.

Gautier's life is not an easy one to write, partly because it was static and shapeless, partly because there remains difficulty in obtaining access to some of the material required for his biography. He never married, chiefly, so far as one can see, from lack of will-power, because he had illegitimate children to whom he was devoted, and, by the complications of his emotional life, managed to have many more domestic problems than marriage alone would have threatened. It cannot be said that he seems to have behaved very well to the various women with whom he was involved. At the same time they appear to have been devoted to him, even when keeping diaries to record his least dignified moments.

Miss Joanna Richardson is much more at home in the last half of her book than in the earlier period of Gautier's life. We are given no clue as to why his parents, an Inland Revenue official and his wife, should have produced this

extraordinary only child. Perhaps no information is available. Almost immediately, as a young man, he became accepted as a brilliant figure, moving in the forefront of the Parisian literary world; but, although he seems on the whole to have worked like a black, he never throughout his life managed to put his financial affairs upon a satisfactory basis.

The preliminary stage of his career, when he was wearing his famous rose-coloured waistcoat, is hard to summarize on account of the problem of how much or how little is to be recapitulated about the Romantic Movement background. Miss Richardson says a good deal about this side of his career, but leaves us rather in the air about some of the personal relationships and how they were formed. However, once the stage is set, she gets hold of her narrative more firmly and gives an excellent idea of Gautier's life and work.

He often visited London, where he always seems to have enjoyed himself. "For 175 francs," he wrote, "a highly intelligent, diligent organization looks after you for a week, takes you there, brings you back, beds you, boards you, escorts you to entertainments, museums and docks, to Richmond and to Hampton Court and Greenwich . . ." He was there for the second International Exhibition, when he dined with Thackeray. London was then so full of foreign visitors that it became necessary to contradict "absurd stories of the Japanese living principally on raw fish and asphyxiating half the waiters at Claridge's with the fumes of opium."

"People damn or praise me," said Gautier, "without understanding the first thing about my talent. My whole importance, and they've never mentioned it, is that *I am a man for whom the visible world exists.*" Although he grumbled a good deal at all times and had disagreeable experiences during the Franco-Prussian War, he clearly had plenty of enjoyable moments too, and produced in the course of his life some three hundred volumes of poetry, travel, fiction, drama and journalism.

ANTHONY POWELL

## NOVEL FACES



## XXXI—ROBERT GRAVES

*The bloodstained annals of Imperial Rome  
Make Graves's fiery talents feel at home.*

## BLOOD COUNT

**Too Much of Water.** Bruce Hamilton. *Cresset Press*, 15/-. Twenty-five passengers on board single-class cabin ship, Barbados-bound, shocked when someone tosses "poor Mr. Rottentossler," the ship's bore, over the side. Other deaths follow thick and fast. Panic among survivors. Brilliant detective work by hero leads to wrong man. Amusing conclusion with reappearance of Rottentossler. Well written; a lot of fun throughout.

**The Telemann Touch.** William Haggard. *Cassell*, 13/6. A cut above the usual thriller-writer, Mr. Haggard cashes in on Middle East problems to show troubles fomenting on oil-rich British colony island. Neighbouring dictator plots to kill young executive and start revolution among long-suffering natives. Executive escapes, rescues native bride and deals with dictator. Highly competent piece of work.

**The Hours Before Dawn.** Celia Fremlin. *Gollancz*, 13/6. Genuine wit and characterization in spine-chilling story of frustrated spinster's attempts to acquire someone else's baby. Realistic pictures of the trials of young married love. We share the relief when the sinister Miss Brandon meets untimely end. One of the best of this batch.

**Later Than You Think.** M. M. Kaye. *Longmans, Green and Co.*, 12/6. Mau-Mau and murder in Rift Valley, Kenya. Poltergeist suspect heightens unnerving atmosphere. Drama of old woman's determination to found a dynasty. Some splendidly horrid moments. The author knows her background and conveys it well.

**Who Goes Hang?** Stanley Hyland. *Gollancz*, 15/-. Hundred-year-old mummified corpse of murdered M.P. found in Clock Tower at Westminster. Clue to identity in dead man's watch. Young M.P. delves into past and uncovers whole story—or does he? Unexpected ending. Scholarly and entertaining in the Michael Innes manner. A long novel to while away a summer's day.

**Week-end in Baghdad.** Ruth Wadham. *Gollancz*, 12/6. Murdered body of British Embassy official (Cloak and Dagger Dept.) found in flimsy coffin at native funeral. How did it get there? Whodunit? Academic misfit of hard-drinking British colony in Baghdad sets out on dangerous task of solving mystery. Background realistically described. Excellent holiday reading.

**Spotted Hemlock.** Gladys Mitchell. *Michael Joseph*, 13/6. Japes and high jinks between male and female agricultural colleges lead to discovery of "riddle-speaking" corpse. Some interesting information on flora and fauna, including advice against eating hemlock, spotted or otherwise. Amusingly written. Delightful jacket. I picked it out first.

**Death Is An Artist.** Stephen Gardiner. *Arthur Barker*, 11/6. Another body that is not what it seems. Clue is in

the title. Bored and wealthy Edward Blake assists the police in uncovering murderer and murdered. Familiar stuff but nicely put together.

**Root of Evil.** James Cross. *Heinemann*, 15/-. Two brothers blasting rock in rough Californian ground uncover box containing hoard of gold. Cut to pattern adventure story of greed, violence and death, confirms the old suspicion that money is the root of evil. O. M.

**The Young Caesar.** Rex Warner. *Collins*, 16/-.

We have Caesar's own account of his conquest of Gaul, and first-hand narratives of his deeds in the later civil wars. But it is easy to forget that he was more than forty years old when he organized the First Triumvirate and was rewarded with a consular province. In 59 B.C. he was an artful demagogue, a brilliant speaker, a rake whose open profligacy enchanted the lower orders; no one thought of him as a soldier.

Rex Warner tells the story of these less-known first forty years, writing in the first person in a very fair imitation of Caesar's own laconic style. It is an exciting story, embellished with true and remarkable anecdotes. But to write like Caesar means to leave out any deep exploration of character; we are told what happened but not the underlying reasons why it happened. This gallant effort by a distinguished author leaves Caesar's personality still unexplained, though as a tale of adventure it is very well worth reading. A. L. D.

**A Clear Water Stream.** Henry Williamson. *Faber*, 15/-.

At the back of every fisherman's mind—except the luckiest—is a small river of his own, and a cottage within sound of it. In this pleasing book Henry Williamson describes just such a tenancy, on Exmoor. It was a wild stream, and in his attempts to improve it he fought a running battle with poachers, herons and otters; spates shifted his dams and, worse, the weed he mistakenly introduced threatened to engulf all the neighbouring water.

Beginning as a thwarted fisherman, he ended as a contented observer, until at last, out of his patient study of his river and its inhabitants, came his great book, *Salar the Salmon*. Visits to Canada, America and the Hebrides interrupted this enviable life, but always he returned eager to renew his friendship with his valley. Mr. Williamson writes memorably of these delights and anxieties, in a poet's prose and with a poet's vision. E. O. D. K.

**Taking It Easy.** Edward Hyams. *Longmans*, 16/-.

Everything is here: the Royal Navy in war-time, big business, small-time crime, fruit growing, TV, assorted intellectuals, Frenchmen and homosexuals, a brainy East End Jew, a nice policeman



"How can anyone concentrate with that thing on all the time? How d'you expect me to knock out a complicated block-perm?"

and a nasty one. The background? London, France, Portugal, even Tenerife. Why stick with some depressing Yank writer who takes a cool six hundred pages to chronicle the twenty-four-hour doings of a single character in a hick town when Mr. Hyams can introduce the lot, including the kitchen sink, in just over half the space and for only sixteen bob? Buy British.

The narrator Tom and his friend the efficiency consultant get into various scrapes. This is apparently because in the moral sense they are Taking It Easy. Mr. Hyams' sympathies are weighted towards the truth-seeking, committed Jew who in the end (having written a rather better version of *The Outsider*) goes off to fight as an Israeli soldier. At times irritatingly clever—*maisons de passe*, Olivier's *Titus*, the castration of male inflorescences—Mr. Hyams is clever enough to realize that cleverness is not enough. Magnificently readable. R. G.

**Mask or Face.** Michael Redgrave. *Heinemann*, 18/-.

One wishes that Mr. Redgrave had not chosen to give his material—mostly reprinted lectures—a lavishly-staged curtain-raiser of an introduction in which a space-borne, anonymous spirit darts into dressing-rooms the world over and finds "our actor" preparing. The author has a lot of good things to say, and could say them without this sort of assistance. He is interesting on the actor's approach to the great Shakespearian parts, devastating about films, amusing and a

little tart about the Method (claiming that the good actors it has produced would have been good anyway), and revealing on what the actor thinks about his audience. If more audiences than actors read the book, that is probably all to the good.

J. B. B.

**A World of Strangers.** Nadine Gordimer. Gollancz, 16/-

This novel is a disappointment. The descriptive writing is as impressive as ever but the patches of it are more obviously patches. The theme of the uncommitted European, reacting from a childhood among do-gooders into treating Africa simply as a spectacle but ending by submitting to the pull of conscience, suffers because the male narrator has the wrong weight, and neither the mining rich nor the happy-go-lucky Africans who represent two avenues of escape come alive.

#### PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

A light-hearted historical record of the theatre over the past one hundred and seventeen years in the form of *Punch* drawings and caricatures is on exhibition at the Belgrade Theatre, Coventry, and the Playhouse, Derby. The exhibition will tour the country, staying for one month at most of the principal repertory theatres. In London an exhibition of original theatre drawings from *Punch* is on display at the Saville Theatre.

Usually Miss Gordimer's writing reads as though it has matured within her until it has reached almost poetic consistency. This book seems as though it has been drawn off too soon. The symbols, and there are rather a lot of them, could almost be listed on the end papers, like the identifications in a new edition of a *roman à clef*. The best part is the rendering of a newcomer's experience of Africa, which is far more convincing than the rendering of the newcomer himself.

R. G. G. P.

#### AT THE PLAY

*Ariadne* (ARTS)

**GABRIEL MARCEL**, the French philosopher, is said to be an exponent of "*existentialisme chrétien*," but this clue is little help in unravelling *Ariadne*, an early work now translated by Rosalind Heywood. Unlike most plays from Paris it treats the geometry of the triangle with extraordinary solemnity. No vegetarian sidles up to his cashew goulash with more deadly earnestness than M. Marcel's characters approach illicit love, and in spite of the almost surgical care with which he peels the skin off their pretences we are after all left guessing about the true motives of Ariadne herself.

Wealthy, hypochondriac, gently insinuating, this strange woman goes out of her way to win the affection of the

proud and struggling Violetta who has become her husband's mistress; she does so, privately she claims, because her marriage is a failure and because she wants her husband, once a homosexual, to be happy. Is she, as she outwardly appears, a woman of uncommonly generous mind, or is she, as her brother suggests, a chronic intriguer who cannot stop playing for power? Even at the final curtain Violetta is uncertain; all she knows is that by her incessant intervention Ariadne has made the liaison impossible.

Poor Violetta's position is mildly handicapped by a bullying elder sister, a lecherous impresario hot on her trail (she plays the violin), and a baby by a former lover who has rebounded into a disastrous marriage with an effervescent blonde. There is not much to choose between him and Ariadne's husband. Both imagine themselves frustrated artists, both yearn tearfully for death, and both beat their heads and fling themselves into the best armchairs. Viewed from the most tolerant angle they must be judged poor company.

More vivid life may have been distilled out of these odd creatures by a French company; here the play is made drearier and more tortuous by Milo Sperber's

#### REP SELECTION

Ipswich Theatre, Anouilh's *Dinner With the Family*, until September 6th.

Castle Theatre, Farnham, *The Chalk Garden*, until August 30th.

Theatre Royal, Lincoln, *The Seven Year Itch*, until August 30th.

Guildford Rep, *The Curious Savage*, until August 30th.

extremely slow production. Helen Cherry and Pauline Yates survive it best. Honesty shines in Miss Yates' Violetta, and it is hard to believe that anyone so charming as Miss Cherry could be moved by malice. Perhaps M. Marcel does not intend *Ariadne* to be more than a warning against well-meaning interference, for if she had behaved more normally everyone would have been spared a great deal of misery.

#### Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Very strongly, Marlowe's *Edward the Second*, brought for a fortnight from Stratford to the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, by the Cambridge Marlowe Society, and reviewed here last week.

ERIC KEOWN

#### AT THE PICTURES

*The Goddess—Indiscreet*

**F**ROM one point of view *The Goddess* (Director: John Cromwell) is the story of the rise and fall of a shallow, selfish woman, but it is also about egotism and loneliness, both serious



*Ariadne Leprieur*—HELEN CHERRY

[*Ariadne*]



themes with a universal application. It was worth doing, and it seems to me good, quite without reference to the questions that appear to strike so many people as obvious and important—whether it is a “criticism of Hollywood stars,” whether it is “justified.” Talk on these lines starts from the assumption that because the central character here is a Hollywood star therefore the film is asserting that Hollywood stars are like this; and there’s not the slightest reason to assume any such thing. The film is concerned with a woman who was like this; and in the process of showing how she grew up and what happened to her it gives an acidly entertaining glimpse of Hollywood as well as illuminating those deeper, universal themes.

The story is told in three parts, between which there are gaps of about five years. “Part I—Portrait of a Young Girl” starts with Emily Ann’s childhood in the south; neglected and unwanted by her mother, she is given to an aunt and uncle. By the age of sixteen she is already the local easy girl, obsessed with the idea of Hollywood, and marries the son of a star in the hope of getting there. In “Part II—Portrait of a Young Woman” she is there, divorced, as a small-part player, striving to be noticed. She marries someone else who might be useful; and in Part III she is a star, a “Goddess,” but alone again (except for a jealous secretary-companion), hysterically unreliable, living on stimulants and sedatives and incapable of understanding how she has ruined her life by her screaming egotism.

The unwarranted assumption that this piece is meant to be an attack on Hollywood has made some people say in effect “Yah, it doesn’t come off—she would have been like this anyway.” Certainly she would; it is her story. As I’ve said so often, a real story is about individual people—not what happens to them but the way they react to it. It is noticeable here that Emily Ann, in Hollywood, becomes for a time very much like what her mother was in the early scenes, nowhere near Hollywood. Given wealth and adulation, she simply gets worse; and I think Kim Stanley shows her deterioration extremely well. The film is unobtrusively well made, and well written by Paddy Chayefsky. To anyone who says “pretentious dialogue” and recalls the simplicity of *Marty* and *The Bachelor Party* I would point out that what pretentious dialogue there is here is spoken by pretentious, attitudinizing people.

Well, it’s easy to see why they advertise *Indiscreet* (Director: Stanley Donen—of all people) with pictures of the two stars dancing gaily in the eight-some reel episode; for that is not only infinitely the most enjoyable fragment of the film but it’s also the one bit of real film-making in the whole affair. The rest of it creaks of the stage, and it’s



Emily Ann Faulkner—KIM STANLEY

The Goddess

heartbreaking to see Ingrid Bergman and Cary Grant, and above all Mr. Donen (of *Funny Face* and *The Pajama Game*), thrown away on what amounts to a photographed “society comedy.” Norman Krasna wrote the script from his own play *Kind Sir*, which it looks as if he has just perfunctorily disguised by inserting a number of totally unnecessary scenes that add nothing but a few different objects and extras to look at. A shot of the front hall of a block of flats, so that when Miss Bergman rings down and asks to speak to the departing Mr. Grant we can actually watch him called to the telephone to say something we could perfectly well have guessed from hearing only her side of the conversation; several shots of an indicator-board, so that every time the front door bell of the flat rings we can see how the maid knows it is the front door bell; many shots of people getting into, going up or down in, and getting out of the lift—though the only time anything interesting to look at happens in the lift we aren’t shown it, we hear it described afterwards; a shot of an international telephone switchboard, prefacing a conversation between London and Paris; a shot of the inside of a car driving between Euston and S.W.1; and so on. And London scenery, so that the audience can say “Look, Big Ben” or “Look, Cleopatra’s Needle” and giggle. Otherwise it’s nearly all gay conversation in the glossiest and floisiest interiors.

And all the time, little signs (like the fact that Phyllis Calvert, playing an English wife, has evidently been told not to use too broad an A) nag us into remembering that the most important audience for this is judged to be in the

U.S. Cecil Parker, perfect in his usual part, comes off best in what I shall remember as the first exception I have noticed to the rule that amusingly well-designed titles (those here are by Maurice Binder) mean a good film.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

There were also two war films. You can get an idea of what Erich Maria Remarque’s *A Time to Love and a Time to Die* is like if you imagine one of those double-page magazine “artist’s impressions”—“Germany, 1944”—somehow put into motion and made audible. *Kings Go Forth* is about Americans fighting and loving in the South of France, also in 1944: melodramatized imitation-Hemingway. Most recommendable films in London remain *Ice Cold in Alex* (9/7/58) and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (17/7/57).

Two worth-while releases: *Harry Black* (6/8/58), about the tiger-hunter in India, and Hitchcock’s *Vertigo* (20/8/58), uneven but remarkably interesting.

RICHARD MALLETT

#### AT THE BALLET

*Agon* (COVENT GARDEN)  
*Petrouchka* (FESTIVAL HALL)

AS a creative artist, Kenneth Macmillan seems to be bewitched by difficulties. The more obstacles there are in his way, as choreographer, the quicker is the pace of his inventive mind. In his newest work, *Agon*, he has taken music by Stravinsky which has already, I believe, been used by

Balanchine, and apparently heard in it the inspiration for steps and movements which make surrealist approaches to human characterization and even to humour but the meaning of which remain deeply obscure.

*Agon* is a ballet to be enjoyed visually as an elegant and piquantly stylized affair of unexpected patterns and postures. The title, signifying conflict, offers no clue to interpretation, unless it points to incompatibility of music, motion and décor. Each element is in itself pleasing but I, for one, could not digest it as a whole, though the work's originality held my interest throughout.

Annette Page was the dancer best served by Mr. Macmillan, as one of a trio with Pirmin Trecu and Shirley Grahame. In the principal parts Anya Linden and David Blair made the complicated steps and timing look simple, and the rest of the fourteen members of the team were well chosen for their difficult assignments.

The scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis, *outré* and amusing in themselves, seemed to have no relevance to music or choreography. But that, I suspect, is just how Mr. Macmillan likes it.

Leon Wojcikowski, himself a notable Petrouchka of Diaghilev days, has in his reproduction of Fokine's choreography been inevitably handicapped by the physical limitations of the Festival Hall's stage. The result is that the losses which even in Diaghilev's time had, to Benois's sorrow, pared down the spectacle are now heavy indeed. No better than at Covent Garden has Mr. Wojcikowski been able to recapture the animation and gusto of the winter butter-week fair in St. Petersburg in the 1830s.

Keith Beckett is the best Petrouchka I have seen in London since Diaghilev days. On his first emergence from the Charlatan's booth, with no movement that is not angular and spasmodic and with the mask-like face of a doll endued by his maker with a primitive strain of human feeling, Mr. Beckett was in the true succession of Nijinsky. He was less moving when in solitary confinement in his cubicle. Perhaps this was because of the unaccountable absence of the indispensable full-face portrait of the menacing Charlatan. It has been replaced by a scarcely recognizable chalk sketch in rough profile. The portrait is the focus of Petrouchka's maledictions and stirs him to frenzy. Without it the scene must limp.

In later scenes, Mr. Beckett was properly poignant.

Anita Landa did well as the Doll and Louis Godfrey brought out the vacant brutish simplicity of the Moor.

Stravinsky's exciting score was at times reduced to a polite accompaniment by Geoffrey Corbett's conducting of a section of the L.P.O.

C. B. MORTLOCK

## ON THE AIR

### Minstrelsy

I FIND "The Black and White Minstrel Show" (BBC) very much to my taste. If the standard set in the August edition is maintained, I'll be a regular customer. Moreover, I shall be disappointed if a great many of the younger generation don't join me: they should find melody and coherent song-lyrics a soothing change in between their regular doses of suggestive grunts and the hypnotic honking of maltreated tenor saxophones. Corny, perhaps—sometimes completely square—but refreshing, and lively, and belonging to an age when love was treated in popular songs either with humour or with robust sentiment. Too often to-day this is replaced by a kind of sleazy, leering sex for its own sake, and one sometimes wonders what the little girls with pony tails make of it all.

The good old soft-shoe-shuffle tunes are pretty well indestructible, and in this show they are given the best airing they've had for a long time. Norrie Paramor and the Big Ben Banjo Band are superb—their attitude to the material is neither too solemn nor too irreverent. The Minstrel Orchestra, under the ubiquitous Eric Robinson, provides a rousing background to the entertainment. I am glad, too, that most of the creaking conventions of the old-time minstrel-show have been dispensed with. George Mitchell's merry men black up, certainly, and some of Kenneth Connor's topical gags are painful enough for any corner man; otherwise little pretence is made at reproducing the rather flat-footed routine of the genuine burnt-cork-and-tam-bourine troupes. It might seem on reflection to have been going a little *too* far to include two English music-hall songs (wonderfully rendered by Mr. Connor, one in coster's rig), but they did not seem out of place at the time.

All in all, this is a delightful hour, produced non-stop at high speed by

George Inns, always attractive pictorially, and with some excellent period singing—notably by Benny Lee. I am slightly allergic to the Toppers, but they are used sparingly here in some effectively composed shots. There was never a dull moment, and apart from the talent employed, there seem to me to be two reasons for this: first, no commercials, which kill the momentum of so many efforts on the other channel; and second, a month between shows. I wish some of the weekly series—musical and otherwise—could have the benefit of those extra weeks of planning. Viewing may not be terribly expensive, but we deserve more polish than we get.

Moving to quieter matters, I am also enjoying the BBC series on "British Art and Artists." I believe it will be a long time before we see anything in this line so haunting as the famous BBC television film about the work of L. S. Lowry—to my mind one of the most strangely beautiful works so far achieved in the medium—but this series is very good indeed. The half-hour on Sickert must have opened many people's eyes about this curiously neglected artist. Among other things, of course, these programmes make one look forward with increasing excitement to the arrival of colour television. Let us hope that by that time we have not been rendered too lazy to drag our shrinking limbs into an actual art gallery now and again.

I have so far only managed to see one film in the BBC's "Living With Danger" series. This was on the subject of steeplejacks and others whose daily bread is earned at a fantastic height above street-level. There was a brave but unsuccessful attempt to find out what makes them do it, and some terrifying, unfaked camera-work by John Turner (who should surely be more careful) which gave me the most severe attack of vertigo I've had since Harold Lloyd nearly fell off that clock in *Safety Last*.

HENRY TURTON



KENNETH CONNOR

(The Black and White Minstrel Show)

BENNY LEE



### The Turnover in Take-overs

THE voice of the take-over bidder has recently been heard loud, clear and sometimes discordant over the market. It is odd how wicked an undertone the word "take-over" has acquired. It suggests a heartless City tycoon, buying up small businesses from which the lifeblood is then sucked, the old employees sacked and the shareholders, widows and orphans and all, thrown to the wolves of National Assistance—a slightly overdrawn picture.

A take-over is nothing more than a bid for a business. If it is to succeed it must obviously be made at a price somewhat in excess of the existing market price of the shares. The first rash of take-overs came in 1951-52 after the thawing of the Socialist dividend freeze, which had depressed share values well below the level justified by earnings or by the value of the assets. In the twilight between this glacial period and the subsequent dash for freedom, there were many opportunities for the quick reflexes and computers (or do they use the abacus?) of the take-over specialists.

These specialists can be public benefactors. The low rate of return on a business employing a considerable amount of capital, and the low price of its shares, may well be the result of inefficient and antiquated management. Those assets in other hands, and perhaps used for quite other purposes, would yield bigger profits. In those circumstances the taker-over, whoever he may be, is doing a public service as well as lining his own pocket.

More often than not the take-over is merely another name for an amalgamation between firms in the same line of business. The object of most amalgamations to-day is expansion and not contraction. Take, for example, the bid for the entire capital of Thompson Brothers of Bilston by John Thompson Ltd. (the similarity of the names is entirely fortuitous). This is a fissionable or, rather, a nuclear marriage. The taker-over is in the big nuclear group associated with A.E.I., and the proposed merger is merely the stepping stone

to further expansion in what is an obviously expanding field of activity. The bewildering succession of take-over bids for the shares of H.P. companies by the large banks can also be regarded as a prelude to bigger and better business.

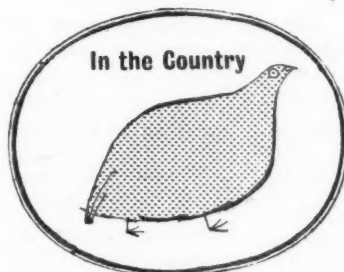
Often the take-over is the merging of like with like—an example being the recent acquisition by De Beers of the fabulous Williamson diamond mine in Tanganyika. The diamond industry is the most natural and justifiable of monopolies. The Williamson mine had worked with the De Beers group in the past, and after the death of Dr. Williamson nothing could be more natural than a take-over of his and all the other shares in the company by the monopoly.

Among the more light-hearted of recent take-overs has been the bidding and counter-bidding for Thomas and Evans, the soft drink firm. First the Beechams Group offered the equivalent of £5,600,000 for the business. Then

Schweppes counter-bid with £6,600,000. In turn this was over-called by Beechams with an offer of £7,650,000. And then Schweppes made a further bid. Very nice for T. and E. shareholders. It is not surprising that another soft drink share, Tizer, should be effervescing in the market.

One of the most interesting of take-over episodes, showing a speed of footwork in the square mile equal to any in the roped square of the boxing ring, has been provided by Electrical Components who had agreed to acquire a small firm in exchange for shares. Since the value of the deal was somewhat over £50,000 it had to receive Capital Issues Committee permission. In order, it is said, to obviate the delay involved the deal is being done in two parts—the first 90 per cent, which comes to less than £50,000, straight away and the rest a year hence. Who said that the British had lost their ingenuity?

LOMBARD LANE



### Pioneer With Quail

THERE is only one quail farm in Britain, and the founder had to fight a High Court case to establish its legitimacy.

Quail are like miniature partridges. They are extensively "farmed" in China and Japan, in which latter country quail are valued for their calling. Birds with an exceptionally good "gr-gurr" voice, suggesting distant thunder, are the most highly valued and are kept in ornamental cages. But quail destined for the table rather than the cage have a less pampered life. Their parents, kept on a battery system, lay up to two hundred and fifty eggs a year, and the resultant chicks are raised on a feed in which both green-stuff and freshwater fish have an important place.

This business, which is generations old, suggested possibilities to an Englishman in China. Returned to England, he had eggs sent "home" by air: to have imported birds would have been illegal. Even the eggs met several obstacles. The Customs wished first to

throw them out as forbidden and next they boggled over what dues to charge. But at last the eggs came through. And they hatched well in incubators, and gradually a stock was built up. Rearing the chicks was a skilled job in which careful attention was necessary both to feeding and temperatures—in a fan-ventilated, artificially-heated greenhouse. Minor difficulties arose from the extreme minuteness of the birds and their suicidal tendency to brain themselves by upward jumps if their ceiling was anything harder than calico.

At last the pioneer was able to contract to supply sixty quail a week. But the wholesaler learned that selling dead quail was against the law. The pioneer retorted that his birds were not the European quail, on the British list as *Coturnix communis*, but the Eastern quail, *Coturnix japonica*. Yet fear prevailed. So a case for breach of contract was brought in the High Court and tried by no less a person than the Lord Chief Justice, who decided that *Coturnix japonica*, as offered, were not wild but domesticated birds and thus could be legally "farmed," sold and eaten.

A subsidiary puzzle remains. The quail in the batteries lay more eggs than the incubators can take. But, as yet, no one seems to want quail eggs—which go well in soup, oriental fashion, are excellent in curries and look superb, hard-boiled, in aspic.

J. D. U. WARD



FOR  
WOMEN

## Far from Monstrous Regiment

CAPTAIN MARY NEERVORT is a merry blonde who has come straight from work (probation work) in a yellow sweater and tweed skirt. Lieut.-Colonel Sheila Drake (in private life an industrial executive) is a charming sophisticate wearing something turquoise and stunningly simple. Both are officers of 327 (County of London) Battalion, Women's Royal Army Corps, T.A.; which I hope is the proper way of saying that they help to run the branch of the woman Territorials which operates from the Duke of York's Headquarters in Chelsea. With us is Quartermaster Jolly, who is working full-time for the Army but at the moment looks the sort of woman with whom it would be pleasant to talk the old home-and-family stuff. However, we keep off that. Under discussion are the T.A. women, who when they joined in marching past the Queen in Hyde Park recently surprised some people by their existence.

The officers' mess where we sit, high in a gaunt brick building, is itself a bit of an eye-opener. One doesn't exactly not expect the comfortably clubbish drawing-room setting or the drinks flowing from the side table (dash it, this is Chelsea), but—well, these are *women* officers, oughtn't somebody to be bossing somebody? Where is the spirit of Osbert Lancaster, some of whose fiercest female cartoons (originals) hang in the passage outside? Should the colonel be laughing like a person at the captain's description of a mixed open-air supper, under the stars and without lights, where "one dark mass was heard asking another dark mass if it was a he or a her"?

This was during the exercise on which a company of the Battalion joined with

some paratroopers in routing an imaginary attack from Fantasia. The fun of camping on the Folkestone coast, of chopping onions in the dark and being allotted the "Flying Horse Hotel" (a nice patch of trees and bracken) for sleeping quarters took second place to the stern and muddy business of parking, camouflaging and servicing the vehicles these women drive. They learnt too that contrary to legend men soldiers actually welcome women colleagues—if the women show themselves to be keen, serious and responsible. "Those paratroopers taught us all they knew about managing Army lorries on a mock battle exercise," said Captain Neervort. "Only they didn't only show you how, they wanted to do everything for you while you had a rest. Men are still rather too chivalrous."

That sense of responsibility—notedly one of woman's great assets—is here a binding force working powerfully against class distinction. (Wasn't there another legend, that women from different walks of life don't mix easily?) Getting into Headquarters about eight recruits on an average night, Colonel Drake notices that nearly always this very quality has brought them. along. "We had a bus

conductress—all hair-do and glamour, the last person you'd say looked motherly. But hear her talk about her passengers and there it was; she loved looking after people, she wanted to be useful. So did the next recruit she got talking to. Barriers down immediately." The also characteristic feminine conscientiousness shows up notably when woman Territorials learn to drive. "The fixed minimum (two hours a week, fifteen days' camp a year) isn't

nearly enough for them when they're learning to take an engine to bits. And when they drive well, *how* well they drive!" Colonel Drake, herself an Advanced Motorist, has her own pretty way of stopping a trainee on a steep hill, wedging matchboxes behind the truck's back wheels and saying "Now drive on without squashing them."

Hearing how much else comes into the training, which is covered by the simple words "backing up the fighting men and co-operating with Civil Defence," and is of course geared to nuclear warfare, I reflect that jobs like translating six-figure map-references and managing wireless communication are things the intelligent modern young woman is not only adequate for but downright good at. I reflect also—great cracking whines now rend the air; shooting practice is a pastime, like badminton—that while any spare-time club can cure the bored and lonely, in this one chumminess is not the end but the means. Beneath the colonel's and the captain's gaiety one senses the purpose and the tremendous ability. Conversely, on top one sees the fun. It is with true sorrow that I have to refuse the captain's invitation to join a platoon's "different" day out—"to Calais from Southend, five hours each way and bound to be rough."

ANGELA MILNE

☆

### Sarah the Lion-Tamer

NOWADAYS you may discover a mouse in a guided missile, and Little Lemon cruising fast round Mars; but really domestic pets aren't what they were. Oh, I know you can see this happy breed and that at Cruft's; but you and I wouldn't keep much more than a goldfish or a budgerigar ourselves. We need to take a lesson from Sarah.

For when Sarah Bernhardt wasn't busy being quite divine she was dashing round to the nearest menagerie to add to her personal zoo. She didn't just muster a pack of hounds or a string of horses; she didn't just dress up a poodle in buttons and bows. As likely as not she would come home with a tortoise. Ah, yes: but it wouldn't stay an ordinary tortoise: it was soon a Bernhardt tortoise in the full sense of the word, its shell encased in a golden shell encrusted with twinkling topaz all iridescent in sunlight and lambent under the moon. And even Sarah's snakes weren't common-or-garden snakes: the ones she kept for the last act of *Cléopâtre* had jewelled rings and chains around their bodies (you can't imagine Sarah with plastic reptiles). Then there were Bizibouzou the parrot and Darwin the Evolutionary Monkey; there were a cheetah and a wolfhound somehow unearthed in Liverpool; there were half a dozen chameleons, including a large chameleon like a Chinese trinket that travelled on Sarah's shoulder secured by a golden chain. Exotic birds were always a-twitter in the exotic foliage that encumbered Sarah's studio, and while she poured champagne on her hair to prove it was naturally curly, greyhounds gambolled round and nibbled at her chinchillas. When Colette arrived for lunch one day a monkey was cracking nuts and aiming the shells, with some accuracy, at S.B.

Wherever Sarah went she collected more: she picked up a few opossums flitting through Sydney; she found a St. Bernard called Auckland in New Zealand; she gathered a Southdown or two for her farm as she drove from Folkestone to London. It was true that she sometimes got herself into zoological situations: Mrs. Patrick Campbell found her in Liverpool with a ferocious tiger-cat in a tumble-down cage. "It was not," wrote poor Mrs. Campbell, "until I persuaded Sarah that it would break out in an hour or two and probably eat her up that she said she would not keep it." To *hôtelières* Mme. Bernhardt was even less obliging: when the manager of a London hotel declared he had rooms for divinities but not, alas! for tigers, Mme. Sarah simply said that in her celestial view tigers were kittens. The manager bowed to necessity and welcomed both.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

### All Mod. Cons.

WELL, I can't plug in the drier as well as the washer unless I unplug the fridge, and I can't unplug the fridge because of the ice-cream. The converter only gives me two points and nothing works on *two* except an electric razor and a light. No, an electric fire isn't any good, dear, it would take me simply *hours*, and then I'd only scorch it, *inch by inch*. It's all very well *suggesting* that air-pistol thing, but the last time I tried it, it wasn't AC or something. My dear, *blue* lights. It fused. No, I'm not in the

mood for wirelesses. Anyway, I can't switch on because of the ice-cream. Don't be silly. I *told* you. And two points would hardly do for TV, if I *wanted* TV, but I *don't* want TV. I don't even feel like Music While I Work. I don't want to iron or dust or polish the floor, I don't want to switch on the mixer or the toaster, I don't want to light up every light in the house, I don't want to cower under electric blankets or fix the electric clock and early-morning tea. All I want is to Dry That Yellow Sack. I think I'll have to hang it up in the garden.

CAROLE PAINE

### Constant Reader

I LOVE this magazine  
Whose glossy pages show  
This washing-up machine  
In streamlined Tintaglo,

This bathroom carpeted,  
This alcove-light for Ming,  
This one day wall in red,  
This kitchen-unit thing—

It sort of does me good.  
It keeps me up with what  
On home ideas I could  
Be spending, and am not.

How pleasant its effect  
Each month of calm content!  
Though sometimes I suspect  
It's not the one they meant.

ANDE



"If I remember rightly, you never asked us to your table."



## Duologue

By R. G. G. PRICE

"SO I dived overboard and disentangled the chain from the propeller."

"It doesn't ring true."

"It had got wound round it. Perfectly normal thing to happen."

"What I was questioning was not that things went wrong but that you righted them."

"Do you expect me to sit passively on deck when the chain winds round the propeller?"

"Yes."

"I suppose you are really being too polite to say that you don't believe I can dive at all?"

"Or would if you could."

"Look here, how much of this story have you been believing up to now?"

"I believe you spent your holiday on some kind of vessel. Apart from that, nothing."

"That shows the dangers of being half-hearted. I should hardly have had a yachting holiday without a professional crew if I had been unprepared to get into the water and sort things out when required. Why believe in the boat and not in anything else? You'd have done much better if you'd disbelieved everything evenly."

"Where did you go for your holiday, then?"

"Haven't been yet. Don't try to

change the subject. We were talking about your gullibility over big things compared with your suspiciousness over small. You would believe it if a friend told you he had spent the last six months on safari and then question whether kudu were found in the particular part of Africa he claimed to have been in."

"Depends on the friend."

"You mean you're a judge of character? Then why did you swallow the first half of my holiday experiences? You can't mean that I'm the kind of man you can see on the water but not in it. That is carrying the claims for your discrimination too far."

"There is nothing inherently improbable in your spending a fortnight with your deck-chair on a deck instead of on the sands. You might well have some nautical acquaintance who likes nothing better than to use you as a contrast."

"This seems all very speculative. I doubt whether you have much idea of how yachtsmen's minds work. Don't you find your gullibility a hindrance in your life?"

"My patients don't pretend to have toothache when they haven't."

"I'm talking about your life, not your work."

"My life is my work."

"How narrow."

"Where are you going for your holiday?"

"It's hardly worth telling you. You'd believe me at once."

"You could baffle me by telling the truth. Bismarck used to."

"Baffle you? Are you under the delusion that he was one of your patients? I am going to spend a fortnight on a yacht."

"Are you going to make it fit in with your advance description of it?"

"My experiment has proved that it will be quite useless to lead an active life on board because you won't believe me when I describe it. If the chain gets caught in the propeller, I shall leave it there."

"You have forgotten that you have just taught me to disbelieve the large, general outlines of your anecdotes as well as the details."

"I don't call risking my life down by the propeller a detail. A chain could easily bind me to the propeller. I might get caught under the keel by a barnacle."

"What is this chain? Is there an anchor on the end of it?"

"There are always chains hanging about when you have boats. Don't you remember reading about chain-lockers?"

"How did the chain get out of its locker and into the water? Did you drop it?"

"In heavy seas everything can get washed overboard, even hen-coops."

"What a luxurious yacht. Fresh eggs, chicken, chains."

"Not all that luxurious. The keel needs scraping. The kind of yacht where I should sit and be waited on by deck-stewards would hardly have barnacles, would it?"

"Who owns this derelict vessel?"

"I'm joining with a friend to hire it."

"What friend?"

"You."

§ §

"Raven-haired Kamala Devi, the Indian girl who starred with Stewart Granger in the film *Harry Black*, astounded me when she flew into London yesterday."

"She arrived from Rome (fare £41 11s.) and announced: 'I'm Here to See My Dentist.'"

"She flashed her white teeth. What was wrong with them? 'Nothing at all,' she said. Then why pay £41 to come to London to see a dentist? 'Because I'm a woman,' she explained."—*Daily Herald*

Also, of course, an actress.



# Diary of a Fashion Model

By Susan Chitty

SUNDAY, February 9th (afternoon). The bus was enormous; bright turquoise with "Gran Turismo" written in chromium down both sides, but it was filled with peasant women, hunters and baskets. After a bit they let us have the back seat and our trunks of model clothes were shoved up among the vegetables on the roof.

It was the nicest journey I've ever had. We went very fast and the road was rather rough, but the bus was sprung like a sofa and we rocked along most pneumatically. Everybody was singing and pointing out things of interest (mostly very old stone beehives called Nuraghi) and there was a wireless playing and the horn played the C major chord almost continuously.

We were all awfully cheerful in the back. I think it was partly knowing we'd escaped from the Neapolitan haberdasher. Whenever we went over a bump Fonteyn said "Oops dearie" and Pox passed round a leather flask of some hot stuff called Grappa, and even Dolores didn't swear (she hasn't suggested a single operation for me since we came to Sardinia actually).

As we got farther and farther into the mountains of Barbagia the people looked more and more like the chorus of *The Gondoliers* (we did it at school with me as the Duke of Plaza-Toro). The women wore long full skirts and embroidered blouses and the men black plus-fours, red sashes and windsock hats.

It was dark when we got to Nuoro, and we found a white marble hotel called the Mussolini. Dinner was just like we used to have at the White Hart when Mummy came down for half-term (brown soup, roast lamb and custard), and after that Ghost and I tried to have a bath, but although our private bath has more shiny taps than I've ever seen, water doesn't come out of any of them, and now we're in our twin beds catching up with our writing.

Monday, February 10th. Didn't sleep very well because nobody else in the

hotel went to bed. Up at 6.0 to catch the bus to Corazzi (the nearest mountain that hasn't got a road up it). Hot sun and no Sirocco, and we had to get out once because the bridge wasn't strong enough and there were women washing their clothes in the river underneath.

When we reached the main clearing (you couldn't call it a square) of Oliena, the nearest village to Mt. Corazzi, there was a milling crowd of people all in fancy dress and we thought it must be in fiesta, but it turned out to be a Communist meeting. Eventually a man with spaniel eyes and a tonsure broke away from the rest and sidled up to us. He said he was called Giuseppe and that no one had ever asked for horses before but he thought they could be found, especially if we would have a drink with him first. After Pox had stood him a jug of wine in a dark little bar we set off on our search followed by a lot of children who didn't seem to be at school. The main street of Oliena was made of earth and not very clean, but the side streets were just drains running down the side of the mountain. The only way to get along them was in single file, clinging to the walls until a cart or a tied-up donkey would force us out into mid-stream with little cries of alarm

from Fonteyn and horrible swear words from Dolores.

Giuseppe led us through darker and narrower lanes and Pox kept looking round to see if we were there. Dolores had bruised her heel between two cobblestones and asked if I'd ever considered having my ears reset. Giuseppe opened three more doors, but in each case we were greeted not by a swishing tail but a reeking counter and ancient advertisements for Coca-Cola.

We were just escaping from the fourth of these when Pox started to shout. Giuseppe shrugged his shoulders and immediately opened a door on the other side of the lane we were standing in. A nice old man and his family were sitting round a table inside and they drew chairs up for us and asked us to join them. They were awfully friendly and gave us prickly pears and pomegranates to eat.

Suddenly everybody went outside and there was a horse getting dressed (a dear old bay with splints). It was rather like a machine called "What the Butler Saw" that we used to peep in at Clacton when we were small. Only instead of layer after layer being taken off, it was being put on. First there was a mat, then a mattress stuffed with straw, then another mat and another mattress, then a fringed cloth, a pair of saddle-bags stuffed with spare resort clothes, and finally an embroidered shawl. The whole lot was held on by a band of coloured webbing which the old man tightened by putting one foot against the horse's side and pulling for all he was worth, just like corsets.

As soon as he'd finished Dolores said



"Fains I. I remember what happened when they made Fiona ride pillion round a bull farm. It was the red skirt that did it," and before I knew where I was Fonteyn said "Alley oops" and I'd been heaved on top of the horse (it felt like riding a sofa), somebody had lost Giuseppe for us and we were off up the mountain led by the old man's *servo* (their word for a labourer, only handsomer and dressed in taupe velvet-cen).

Well, that was certainly the *nastiest* journey I've ever had. It wasn't too bad at first except for the children running after us shouting "*Guarda la donna in pantalone*" (Fonteyn had made me wear a striped jersey top, tights, and the kind of sandals *Fable* calls a pair of inspired straps). The horse was certainly a bit odd—not at all like the ones at the Windy Corner Riding Establishment. It only moved if you said *Rrrrr* to it fiercely, and it stopped moving as soon as you stopped saying *Rrrrr*. It was also the only horse I have ever met who could climb stairs. Because there was no path up the mountain. It was just a pile of rocks and boulders 3,000 feet high.

The others kept up amazingly well, especially Dolores (but she cheated by holding on to the horse's tail). All the same I don't think she was enjoying it very much. Before we'd got to the half-way stone she'd recommended a surgeon who would roll the skin of my tummy up like a carpet and extract a slice of fat

from underneath, an oculist who would do contact lenses at cut price to make my eyes look bigger, and a dentist who would sharpen my front teeth and fit caps over them so I needn't feel ashamed every time I smiled.

At last we reached the top. The last bit was a solid sheet of rock ending in a precipice. There was a cross made of railway lines up there. The *servo* said it was the priest's idea so as to make up for Ortobene having a statue that lit up.

Pox let us have lunch before he started photographing, and we sat with our feet over the 500-foot-drop eating bread and ham and olives and drinking the wine of Oliena.

After lunch Fonteyn turned one rock into a dressing-table and another into a changing-room and I put on my photographing face and did my hair in pigtails (Pox's orders) and was put back on the horse (I wished it could have had a little fit or something). Pox insisted that it stood with its front hooves almost overlapping the precipice so that he could get me silhouetted against the view. Every time it shifted its feet I thought I was going to *join* the view, and once when Fonteyn came up behind it with a powder-puff it shied, but sideways, luckily.

Pox seemed delighted, though I think I heard him whisper "We did insure her, didn't we?" to Fonteyn. He was crawling round the rocks like in a war film and aiming at me from the most unlikely angles.

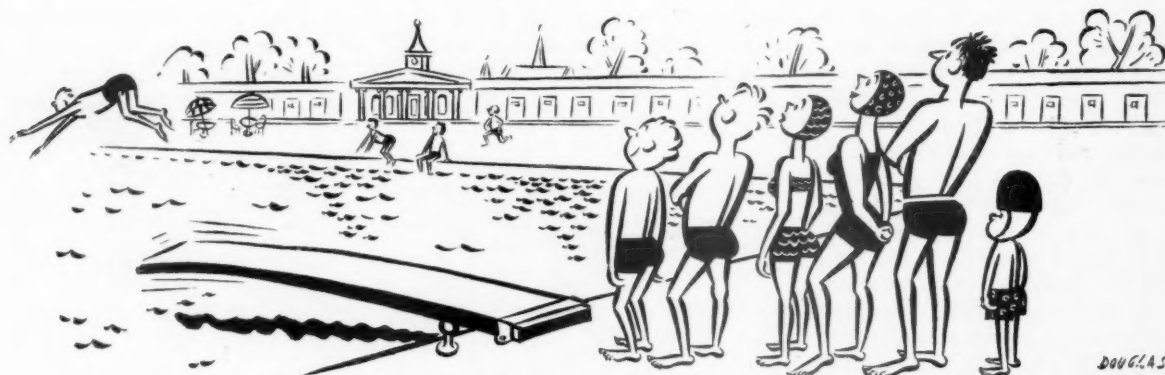
Suddenly Ghost looked at her watch and said "The bus goes at three" and we started ramming things into the saddle-bags like fury. The ride down was twenty times worse than coming up. I'm afraid in the end I said I thought I'd like to stretch my legs. The *servo* offered the horse all round and then jumped on it himself, let out a terrifying *Rrrrr* and galloped and slid all the rest of the way home.

When we got to the bus stop Giuseppe was there but not the bus. His eyes were more spaniel than ever as he told us there wouldn't be another till tomorrow, and suggested a solution might be found in the bar. At that moment of utter despair who should we spy but a fat little figure unloading socks from a car. It was the one-eyed Neapolitan!

He caught sight of us at the same moment and rushed towards us with open arms. Say, why hadn't we told him we were going to Oliena? Sure he'd have driven us there. He'd have found us ten horses and a mountain twice as high. Yessir, he'd drive us home. Shucks, not just as far as Nuoro. All the way. And he could drive some. His hands spun an imaginary steering wheel and he imitated the squeal of brakes. There was no alternative.

Next week:

Retreat from the mountain



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